

P 314



THE SCHOOL JOURNAL

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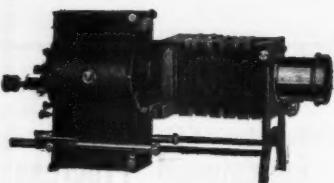
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A Russian Fable

KATE S. GATES, as republished
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A peasant, it is said, was once on his way to town with a fine flock of geese he had been fattening for market.

As he plodded slowly along, prodding now one, now another with his long rod to keep them in the road, he was busily engaged with pleasant anticipations: his flock was sure to fetch a good price.

"There's not likely to be many as good," he said to himself. "I'm sure to do well; but I'll hurry along to be sure and get there in good season."

And, so saying, he flourished his rod vigorously amongst the refractory geese, to quicken their steps. But the geese resented his treatment of them bitterly, and stopped every one they met to complain of him.

"We are the most unfortunate, ill-treated geese in the world," they said. "Cannot you see how this mujik is chasing and prodding us without the least regard for our feelings? If he were not so ignorant, he would know that he ought to pay us reverence; for are we not the noble descendants of those geese who saved Rome long ago? Special feast days are even yet appointed in their honor."

"But what has that to do with you? You do not expect feast days appointed in your honor, do you?" asked one to whom they had appealed. "You have done nothing to deserve them, have you?"

"Our ancestors," began the geese volubly—

"Oh, yes, I know about them; but of what use to any one have you been?"

"Our ancestors saved Rome," proudly declared the geese.

"Quite true; but again I ask, what have you done?"

"We—why, we have done nothing ourselves, but our ancestors"—

"I care nothing about them," said the traveler. "Let them rest in peace. They received just reward for their service. Had you wished homage done to you, you should have done something to earn it. Since you have not, you are fit only to be roasted."

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THE SCHOOL JOURNAL

A Monthly Journal of Education

OSSIAN LANG, Editor.

Vol. LXXVIII.

April 1911

No. 8

Improvement from Without

TO THE READERS OF THE SCHOOL JOURNAL:

The firm of A. S. Barnes & Company is no more. Founded in 1835, it has had a continuous existence of more than seventy-five years. Henry Burr Barnes, son of the founder, became associated with it in 1866 and was its head to the time of his death. In the summer of 1909 he had an attack of apoplexy. Though he recovered from it, his health and strength were so impaired that a radical reduction of his business responsibilities became imperative. Accordingly, last October, a corporation was formed which took over all the books issued by the old firm, and is now doing business under the name of The A. S. Barnes Company, with John Barnes Pratt as general manager.

[See also the announcement on page 347.]

A. S. Barnes & Company continued as a partnership, with the publication of THE SCHOOL JOURNAL, TEACHERS MAGAZINE, and EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATIONS as its principal object. Genuine devotion to the advancement of the education of the young by means of high-class professional magazines for teachers of all grades, induced Mr. Barnes to give the best strength of his remaining years to this side of his business interests. On January 12th he died.

I am firmly persuaded that Divine Providence shaped the result that followed. Desirous of liquidating the properties of Mr. Barnes as speedily as possible, the executors of the estate decided to sell the magazines. It was at this juncture that a purchaser appeared who had taken a sympathetic interest in the efforts of THE SCHOOL JOURNAL for a number of years. Mr. W. H. Ives, the organizer and for some time manager of the educational department of The Macmillan Company, and later a director and manager of the Western business of D. C. Heath & Co., severed his connection with the latter house in February to establish a progressive publishing house for the production of text-books meeting the new needs that modern school developments have created. He was joined by Mr. H. R. Butler, whose personality and successful experience in the school book field with Butler, Sheldon & Co., made him a most welcome partner. Hearing that the educational magazines published by A. S. Barnes & Company could be acquired, Messrs. Ives & Butler took steps immediately to purchase them, fully convinced that with these publications they would be able to realize most speedily and effectively the ideals they had set themselves. On March 18th the papers were signed giving them the ownership. On March 20th they took possession. So that now THE SCHOOL JOURNAL, TEACHERS MAGAZINE, and EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATIONS are the property of Ives & Butler.

Personally I feel very grateful for the outcome. The change assures to the magazines which it has been my privilege to edit for the past eighteen years, a future of higher usefulness than they have ever had. Plans which, owing to untoward circumstances, have been held in abeyance for some time, can now be realized for the greater good of the teachers to whom is entrusted the education of the young.

With a heart full of gratitude for the bright outlook and with my best wishes to every reader of THE SCHOOL JOURNAL,

OSSIAN LANG.

Hereafter please address all communications to
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Free Meals

The problem of supplying hungry school children with wholesome food is not yet fully solved in our country. Chicago is pressing the solution most energetically, and the good work already under way is being carried on with intelligence and tact. New York has made a fair beginning. A number of smaller cities are trying experiments. In rural districts, as far as our inquiry goes, practically nothing has been done as yet to take proper care of the unfed, underfed and malfed, who by a little application of practical Christianity might be saved to the nation. A hungry child is not in fit condition to receive instruction. The money spent for his schooling is wasted.

Germany, France and England saw the need of feeding hungry school children long before we were aroused to it. The experience of London may prove especially instructive to our larger cities. Recently the courts have taken a hand in the matter. Last month a London magistrate held that the school authorities have the right to feed a child that comes hungry to school, and may charge the parents with the cost if they are able to pay. Where a father is out of work the meals are supplied free of charge.

The teachers should be informed regarding the home conditions of their pupils and report the needs they find to the school authorities. Let these be brought face to face with existing facts that they may bestir themselves to supply a solution. The State has undertaken to teach the young. It must see to it now that the conditions are right for carrying on the educational work.

Half Slave, Half Free

The labor unions appear to be passing thru experiences similar to those of our political organizations. The boss is in evidence everywhere. Strikes are frequently fomented by self-seeking demagoggs, much the same as legislatures are dead-locked to force free men to yield up their right of independent choice and action. Are the schools doing their duty in filling the young with a love for that freedom which gave birth to our Republic?

"The nation cannot endure, half free-men, half slave." Our great martyr President saw the danger that is always with us. Self-reliance is the backbone of the kind of freedom that constitutes Americanism. Better far that the young should feel their birthright too keenly than that they should lose it. We are to train up freemen—men who are governed by reason and not under the arbitrary rule of men. Let us keep this in mind.

The Outlook and *Collier's Weekly*, utterly different in character, are yet alike in general purpose, and God bless them for it. Both stand

for righteousness in public life. The former must appeal to every intelligent American who wants to see right views of life permeate the social whole; the latter holds its friends by its aggressiveness, and is cheered on by those who want to see things done right. Both publications ought to be found in every public reading-room. They help to keep Americanism alive.

We hope that the Child Welfare Exhibit, which was held in New York from January 18th to February 14th, will become an annual event. Once a year is not too often to take note of what is being done to promote the welfare of the young. A comprehensive exhibit of this nature serves not only to impress people with the magnitude of the endeavors already under way for increasing the happiness of humanity, but it is bound to suggest to the reflecting observer plans for still greater advance. The hope for our country's future is founded on the good that is being done for the young. Every school community, from the greatest municipality down to the smallest hamlet, may well copy the Child Welfare Exhibit idea. The little red schoolhouse, at the crossing of the roads, may be utilized for the purpose as effectively for its sphere of influence as was the large armory which housed the exhibit in New York City.

The President of the University of Missouri, if my memory does not deceive me, once said that the plan of his institution was to make it easy for a student to gain admission, but hard to get out. This is a policy to be heartily commended to those endowed colleges who still adhere to hard-and-fast requirements of medieval pattern. Now that Harvard has taken the lead in shaking off the shackles, let the rest do likewise. The State universities have long since learned the lesson, by virtue of the people that stand behind them and want their money to make the greatest good available to the greatest number.

It is a pleasure to be able to report that the appropriations for the U. S. Bureau of Education for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, show an increase of \$7,600 over the appropriations for the current fiscal year. For the investigation of rural education, industrial education, and school hygiene, including salaries, \$6,000 have been allowed. For one additional clerk, \$1,600 have been added. The total specific appropriations for the Bureau are as follows: Salaries, \$72,800; library, \$500; collecting statistics, \$4,000; distributing documents, \$2,500; printing Annual Report, \$25,000; education of natives of Alaska, \$200,000; reindeer for Alaska, \$12,000.

Cheerful Confidences

Pay the Successful More Than the Shirk

Any man who takes up teaching deliberately, or who continues in it, must know that he turns his back upon the things which occupy a large place in the mind of almost any of his classmates who elect law or mercantile business. I know I shall not possess money power, as well as I know that I shall never be King of England. But I also know that I shall not starve or freeze to death. If I should lose my position to-morrow or the day after I could get another place. The same is true of you.

No teacher, during your lifetime, will touch either financial extreme. What's the use of being unhappy, then, when you see automobiles, steam yachts, diamonds or the graveyard? They do not belong to our job.

This is also true of fame. You knew very well, when you came in, that this is not the road to glory. Nobody ever asks me for my picture to publish in the paper. They never go to the station with an open carriage for me in which I have to stand, hat in hand, bowing to the cheering populace. Do they put you at the head of the procession close behind the band? Certainly not. You never thought they would. There isn't any reason for disappointment.

Neither does power select me or my kind for exemplifying itself in imposing force. Mr. Morgan's power is impressive; so was Tom Reed's, Mark Hanna's, and General Grant's. Mine is rather ridiculous, exercised over women and children. It melts away when any citizen of "infloence" undertakes to set aside a decision of the schoolmaster.

I am not surprised at this. I was twenty-one when I began this business. I am over fifty now. I knew and know how little money, reputation and power appertain to teaching school. I have, therefore, no call to be disappointed. Neither have you. Things are just as we knew they would be.

If we knew there was no money, fame or power to be had in what we are doing why did we come in? I don't know how it was with you, but I fancy it is much the same with you as with me; I like the job, I mean that the materials and processes of education are attractive to me.

It could not, for me, be so with medicine. I could not enjoy so much association with sick ones. I would not want to be a lawyer living off the quarrels of the contentious. I can not find any business, selling or buying or building, that is concerned with such interesting things as the units of my trade: children.

This is worth amplifying.

Man is so composed that he is born with a taste for children. He doesn't have to acquire it as one must learn to care for olives, or Hegel

or the tariff. A fellow thrust into the lime trade must find his commodity rather dry at times, but the remarkable thing about our merchandise, children, is that they are essentially and perennially interesting. Our common figures of speech express it; we say, "As dull as a hoe," "As dull as Peoria," but never "As dull as a child." What we do say is, "As bright as a boy," "As interesting as a young girl." This is not all.

There is a very curious fact about our fondness for children. It is that it inevitably increases with our advance with age. The instinctive affection for children that you have at twenty is greater at thirty and much greater at forty. This means a tremendous fact for you, to wit, that, happy as you are in your chosen job to-day, you are going to be still happier to-morrow.

I am not sure that money, fame and power bring such solid happiness as children do. I never had a chance to try any of the three great things that men strive after. I know that all the great philosophers are agreed that those things are empty. Why not accept the writings of the wise men frankly?

I can remember in my life a number of remarkably great happinesses. One was when the doctor said: "It's a boy." One was when my wife sat up three hours after a long sickness; one was when a boy graduate after ten years wrote me that no memory in his life was pleasanter than his recollections of our history class. I have had a great abundance of lesser joys, but none of them have been connected with wealth, or fame, or power. That is your experience also.

In most other jobs the things you have to do gain interest only because they are contributory to financial profit. In ours the work itself is engaging. Selling hardware is an artificial pleasure. Educating children is a natural delight. That counts for much. We are doing what we want to do, and are unaffected by artificial rewards like dollars. We are of the few mature workers who can preserve our fresh instinctive aspirations undiverted by circumstances. Most people other than teachers can not do this at all. This store keeper would like to be a singer, but he can not afford it; that farmer would like to run a river-boat, but it wouldn't pay. But here are we, consorting daily with the most interesting of all personalities, directing the most interesting processes, and paid for it! Isn't it great!

The more I think about my place, the more I am impressed with the importance of it.

There is a president of a railroad in our city. There is also the hackman, Tim Egan. Tim carries passengers, baggage and freight. The only difference between Tim and Mr. President is one of degree. The railroad man's greatness

is composed of a large number of little things exactly like the duties of Tim. My job is infinitely superior to that of either. I am concerned with the perfection of life. Take any minute of my working time, and any minute of the working time of either of those other two, my concerns are of the greatest importance. You select anyone in whose judgment you have confidence and ask him. He'll say that your work is bigger than theirs.

What justification would there be, then, for you or me to be unhappy in this business? Not any. What could you say of any man or woman who would say that he or she hates teaching or is ashamed of being a teacher? If I should say that, I should be either base or a fool. Base because ashamed of children, ashamed of mankind, ashamed of guiding children toward an increase of their best powers. Or I would be a fool because failing to use my reason in comparing the importance and the entertainment of education with the majority of the occupations of men.

You may have met someone holding a teacher's position who has expressed dislike of it, even hatred of it, or who is ashamed to be in it. Such a person is a grafted. He is taking money from the municipality without attempting to give return. He is a thief. The teacher knows that the love of children, the desire to train them toward perfection is the necessary basis of effective teaching. He knows that it is the underlying understanding of his employment that he shall teach effectively, which means lovingly, enthusiastically, interestedly. If he takes money and then generates cynicism, dislike, distaste, he is like a minister who would enter the service of God and while drawing salary should curse Him. A teacher ashamed of teaching and children is of the same sort as a contemptible citizen we had here who debauched the women in the reformatory under his charge. If there is any school system in which a man can express contempt for his job and hold it; if there is any school in which a woman can say that she hates teaching and be permitted to go on teaching, your administration is rotten.

I read in this magazine a red-hot editorial upon the need of an educational leader. I doubt not a revival is needed in many a school in the United States. I cannot but believe that an insistence upon common honesty is the most of what is needed.

In my day I have seen a tremendous spread of false suggestion about the unhappy lot of the teacher. I have become accustomed to expect the public speaker to praise me, sympathize with me and play up the sentimental gush we used to hear in old-time prayer-meetings before the new generation of ministers cut it out. These reformers haven't reached us yet. We can dawdle along and whine and complain, and resist all propositions to bring our business up to modern conditions, and no one will tell us to hush and earn what pay we do get before asking for more.

In how many school systems are the teachers obstructing the superintendent? In these parts it is a rarity to find any school head with adequate power to demand reasonable team work in his department. In every other job an obstructionist is given the blue envelope. In every other organized work the employee is told without palaver what to do and what not to do. With us, plain talk is practically unknown. If any supervisor intimates that I am not delivering the goods and must do so, I claim that he is nagging me, persecuting me, and making me unhappy.

Oh, stuff! This tired-teacher song is worn out. The insurance tables show our death rate to be less than any other workers'. The bulk of mankind regards us as spoiled children with better hours, longer vacation and easier times than ninety-five per cent of the folks who earn their bread.

I'd like to see a commission appointed like those hard-headed chaps of the Russell Sage foundation to find out by actual count in any one, two or three school systems how many of us are wasting time, how many of us are really awake to the possibilities of the service. I'd like to work for a while in a man's way in which my employers would say: "We are giving you enough to live on, but if you can show by actual growth of power in your youngsters a greater efficiency in your teaching and management than is usual, we'll pay you a commission every year you show it."

You don't like that? Very well. Devise and send me any better scheme to rid this very interesting and very important profession of its lazy parasites who fail to realize the happiness of this kind of work; who succeed in poisoning the enthusiasm of the younger teachers who come to us and who made the whole of us contemptible in the eyes of a good part of the community. This sort of thing is coming. It makes me happy to feel that the croaking teacher is going to be pushed somewhat into the background.

THE CHEERFUL CONFIDANT.

The Master-Word

Tho a little one, the master-word looms large in meaning. It is the open sesame to every portal, the great equalizer in the world, the true philosopher's stone which transmutes all the base metal of humanity into gold. The stupid man among you it will make bright, the bright man brilliant, and the brilliant student steady.

With the magic word in your heart all things are possible, and without it all study is vanity and vexation. The miracles of life are with it; the blind see by touch, the deaf hear with eyes, the dumb speak with fingers. To the youth it brings hope, to the middle-aged confidence, to

the aged repose. True balm of hurt minds, in its presence the heart of the sorrowful is lightened and consoled. Not only has it borne the touchstone of progress, but it is the measure of success in every-day life.

And the master-word is WORK—a little one as I have said, but fraught with momentous consequences if you can but write it on the tablets of your hearts and bind it upon your foreheads.
—DR. WILLIAM OSLER.

Woodrow Wilson on the Teaching of American History in Elementary Schools

There is no longer any doubt that Woodrow Wilson is Governor of New Jersey. And he means to be Governor, tho some log-rollers contest his right to the prerogatives of that office. With Harmon of Ohio he looms up biggest as the probable candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency of the United States. Like some of the best timber for that exalted honor, in times past, he has come from the rank of teachers. He is now fifty-four years of age. In early life he prepared for the legal profession, but he turned to teaching after a year or two spent in the practice of law.

As historian and political economist, Woodrow Wilson won his first laurels. His work in this department of research will ever be remembered by scholars as worthy of extraordinary consideration. John Fiske was the first to give a philosophical setting to American history. Wilson brought forward other vital principles to illumine our country's past.

Some six or seven years ago, Woodrow Wilson gave a talk on the teaching of history in elementary schools before the New York Educational Council, which then formed an important body of searchers for educational truth. The words spoken at that time have not lost a particle of their helpfulness, and may well be pondered by teachers. Here are a few selections treasured up for the benefit of SCHOOL JOURNAL readers:

"In almost every school history there is a map of the present-day United States printed on the first page. That is the first mistake. If you tell the student at the start what the United States has become, you make it impossible for him to realize the feelings of those settlers back in the seventeenth century. The student in his historical voyaging should approach this country in the same spirit as did the old discoverers; it should as far as possible be an unknown land for them.

"You can't cajole children back into the seventeenth century. They have lived in the twentieth century—worse luck—and they know the high building, the railway, the telegraph, and the steamboat. This shrunken world that we live in nowadays is bound together by rail and wire; it is not the boundless world of the seventeenth century.

"The key to the proper method of teaching history is to get the children back into the atmosphere of those old times. Let them imaginatively come in the caravels of Columbus, be-

lieving that they are to discover the East Indies; let them sail on the *Half Moon* and believe with Hendrik Hudson that they have discovered the Northwest Passage.

"Let the children realize that those old Puritans in their knee breeches and steeple hats were Indian-fighting frontiersmen just as much as the Westerner with his slouch hat and bucking bronco. The key to American history is this man of the frontier.

And down to the year 1890, the right place to feel the pulse of American life was on the frontier. I say down to 1890 because our census-makers then announced that they could no longer find a frontier.

"Let the children get a sympathetic impression of these men and they will better understand the spirit of their country than if you talk to them of political liberty. There is not one of you that knows what political liberty is. I'm sure I don't. Until we got the Philippines we thought that political liberty resided in certain institutions. The Filipinos are enjoying liberty, too, so we are told, but by another method. Tell the children what our forefathers came to this country for, and then tell them that the Filipino, denied these selfsame things, is still enjoying liberty, and you have given the children a tough morsel for their mental digestion.

"I do not believe that the true history of America, the history that will give us a living picture of our past, will be written in our generation. We are doomed to be creatures of our own day, and it's a dull day. It's all hurry, all bustle, and no refreshment; a day of cold steel and hard fact. We are in such a hurry that we no longer have time to sit down and dream dreams, and no people make any intellectual advance unless they do dream their dreams."

Schoolgirl Luncheons

In Ely, Minn., where Mr. Charles H. Barnes is superintendent of schools, an original plan is carried out in the domestic science department.

On a given day each girl must provide a lunch for ten women, to cost \$1.50. She sells ten tickets to women of the city for fifteen cents each. This she has no difficulty in doing, for women gladly telephone in their orders for two, three, or four tickets.

With the \$1.50 the girl must make her own purchases, do her own cooking, she must set her table and serve the lunch. Every detail is reported later, including the amount of each article and its cost, with the recipe for each.

Trade Routes

By JACQUES W. REDWAY, F.R.G.S.

Transportation by water, in barges, in rowing vessels, and in wind-driven sailing craft is as old as written history. As a floating craft, Noah's Ark was a wonderful structure, and the builders were no ordinary shipwrights. Incidentally in the building of the vessel we have the first recorded use of asphalt, for the "pitch" with which it was covered within and without, was neither more nor less than mineral brea, or asphaltum.

The voyage of the Argonauts is a notable example of navigation, for a vessel that could sail such a nasty body of water as the Black Sea must be rated as A1. Whether or not the good ship *Argo* carried the latine sail that has clung to the Mediterranean for nearly three thousand years, we cannot tell; if so, her commander, Jason, knew a good thing. Certain it is that, for a "single sticker," the low mast, well forward, and the broad latine sail is an ideal rigging.

The next step in advance in sailing craft was a result of the increased commerce between Europe and India. The small felucca gave place to a vessel with high poop and a hold. Both the size and the shape of the vessel precluded the use of a latine sail, and made the square sail necessary. The history of the square sail does not begin in the Mediterranean; one must probably look to the Norse sailors as the inventors, and they, too, most likely were compelled to use it, on account of the shape of their vessels.

Certain it is, that from the time of the discovery of the American continent to the settlements of the New England colonies, the stubby-shaped hulls, propelled by square sails, were practically the only ones to be seen on the high seas. With the growth of England's commerce, the vessels became larger; the single sticker became the three-master; and topgallant and occasionally the skysail courses were added. The vessels of this type were the best that had ever sailed the ocean up to that time. The next improvement was a Yankee invention.

The settlement of the New England colonies, was the beginning of a period of deep-sea sailing of far greater importance than any that had preceded it. In England, however, a difficulty had arisen—namely, the cost of good ship-building timber and also its scarcity. The cost of a ship of four or five hundred tons' carrying capacity was at the rate of not far from forty-five dollars per ton,—a pretty high price for the times. But it was discovered that the fine forests just back of the New England coast furnished a far better material, and even with the higher cost of labor and other necessities, a better ship could be built at the rate of thirty or thirty-five dollars per ton of carrying capacity.

Rather singularly, it was the Yankee and not

the British shipbuilder that took advantage of this handicap.

The building of ships became in time the most important industry that came into the experience—and their experiences were no easy ones—of the English colonists in America. Within a few years the sails of the Yankee clipper ships whitened nearly every sea under the sun. The rigging of the clipper did not differ materially from that of the English built ship. But while the latter possessed a hull much like that of a canal boat in shape,—square and stubby, both at the bow and the stern—the Yankee clipper had a sharp bow and a deep keel. The deep keel enabled her to carry a greater expanse of sail, the sharp bow decreased resistance and skin-friction against the water, and made the vessel much faster. With keel and beam of the same dimensions, the English ship could carry much the larger cargo. But what the Yankee clipper lost in hold space she more than made up in speed. For deep-sea sailing she became the standard ship.

Another type of vessel, also, was the result of the New England shipbuilder's skill,—namely, the schooner. The schooner derives its name from the remark made by an enthusiastic skipper who gleefully cried out, "See how she scoons!" And the name did not belie the character of the vessel, for she proved faster than any other sailing craft of her times.

The chief advantage of the schooner, however, is the ease and facility with which she may be handled. Instead of manning the yards to furl or to spread sail, the latter may be brailed against the masts,—usually from the deck. Theoretically about half as many seamen are required to handle a schooner as to manage a full-rigged vessel with square sails. Nowadays, the work of hoisting the yards is done quite as often by a donkey engine as by manpower, and as a result, about the same number of crew will handle a four-mast schooner of twelve hundred tons as was required fifty years ago by a two-master of half the capacity. As a matter of fact, the four-mast schooner has become practically a standard type, and it is rarely that a square-rigged vessel is seen in American waters.

The growth and development of shipbuilding had several important results. In general it demanded that astronomers and mathematicians should devise a practical method whereby the master of a vessel might find not only the shortest way between port and port, but also his position at sea within a nautical mile. And this has been accomplished. Great circle sailing has become the rule, and methods of finding one's position at sea are so easy as to be within the reach of every master mariner.

Another result was the utilization of the "short route" between Europe and America discovered by Bartholomew Gosnold. This route was practically a great circle, and was far shorter than the route by way of Cape Cod or that by way of the West Indies.

But the most important effect was that upon the colonies themselves. With the growth of commerce came the end of the theocratic government that for half a century throttled New England, and the colonies themselves put away adversity for prosperity. So great was the trade resulting that it was a very common thing for a master to build his vessel, gather a cargo, and then sell both at a heavy profit in the first European port at which he might call.

Another result of American sea-commerce was the imposition of the famous "navigation laws." During the earlier years of the colonies not many restrictions were placed on their trade; but as their commerce grew so also did the restrictions. With the accession of Oliver Cromwell the navigation laws were put into effect. Before that time they had existed only on paper. Those restrictions were made clearly in the interests of London merchants. One of these laws forbade the Virginia colonists selling their tobacco to any but London merchants. Another required that the merchandise of the colonists should be carried in English vessels only. Still another required that all goods used by the colonists should be purchased of English merchants, if the latter could supply the goods.

But American commerce had grown to such tremendous volume that the navigation laws were openly disobeyed until the accession of George III.; and the enforcement of them was one of the prime causes of the War of the Revolution.

After the close of the war, American commerce again grew by leaps and bounds until about the time of the War of 1812; then the various embargo and non-intercourse acts pretty nearly put an end to it. Even to this day not more than ten per cent of the commerce of the United States is carried in American ships. But the United States, the country of all countries that should be famous for sailing vessels, is conspicuous for the absence of the industry. In 1883, the number of sailing vessels built in the United States was 721; in 1909 the total number was 141, of which nine were built of steel. It goes without saying that the use of steam-driven ships is responsible in part for such a showing. In comparison with the maritime countries of Europe, however, the number of sailing craft built in the United States should be many times as great.

There are practically no "liners" among sailing craft in the foreign commerce of the United States; most of the sailing craft flying the American flag are coasters, and a considerable number of them are in the lumber trade. For this purpose they are admirably adapted, for

the reason that, no matter what happens, they float; even knock a well-hole in the bottom of a wooden lumber carrier, and she will not sink. By far the greater number of the American-built sailing craft are in the coast fisheries trade; about one-third as many are in the Great Lakes trade; and about one-tenth of the whole tonnage is engaged in foreign trade. Even these do not follow regular routes; they are merely "tramps."

River navigation has been a great boon to the American States, rivers have been the one highway free to all. Now and then an organization, in some way or other protected by the Federal Government has created a monopoly of river navigation, but the monopoly has always been short-lived. One of these monopolies—"trusts," we would call them now—for a time practically controlled the navigation of the Mississippi River.

The qualifications that entitle one to hold a pilot's license anywhere on navigable waters are exacting, and the training is severe. On the Mississippi, in the '50's, a "cub" must have served a long period of apprenticeship. Rarely could the cub receive a pilot's license until he was twenty-one. By a regulation of the Pilots' Association, however, a pilot was entitled to a steersman, and so it became the fashion for pilots to take one or two cubs and train them as helpers. Then the bars were let down so that if two pilots signed the application of a cub for a license, the United States Inspector issued the license without further form.

As a result the number of pilots increased far beyond the demand, and wages tumbled from about two hundred dollars per month to about fifty. There was but one thing to do—namely, to organize.

So a number of pilots put their heads together and created a new organization, the Pilots' Benevolent Association. In effecting the organization they were careful not only to incorporate, but also to make a very close organization. The first announcement was a question of wages—two hundred and fifty dollars per month. The result might have been anticipated,—and probably it was. Every member of the Association was promptly discharged from employment as a river pilot.

But the Association held out some very catchy features. Every idle pilot was to receive twenty-five dollars per month, if in good standing, and that feature brought members in by the score. In order to support the Association, each member paid twelve dollars initiation and ten per cent of his wages when employed. Many of the older pilots refused to join the Association, and for several years the members were in the minority. Then, apparently with no notice, river commerce took a jump, and pilots began to be in demand.

At this juncture the Association accomplished a very shrewd bit of work. Information boxes were established all along the river, each fast-

ened securely with an official letter-bag lock of the Federal Government. Every Association pilot, as he passed a box, slipped a card into it containing information of the river necessary for his brother Association pilots to know. The non-association pilots got none.

This drew a lot more into the Association, but all new-comers found dues for a year or more standing against them, and the dues must be paid before they could become full-fledged members. It was rather hard to pull four or five hundred dollars back dues out of one's pocket, but there was no other alternative. Then, for want of the necessary information about the river, a number of steamboats were wrecked or else badly damaged. So, just at the critical time, the underwriters issued an order to owners and masters to employ none but Association Pilots. That settled the matter,—but an analysis of the whole matter discloses the interesting fact that the mail-bag lock did the business. It is not the only instance in which Uncle Sam has unwittingly protected a monopoly.

The triumph of the Association was short-lived. The outbreak of the Civil War put an end to river commerce for four years; and when business was finally resumed, the railway had well-nigh destroyed river commerce.

Even before the advent of the river steamboat the importance of river navigation cannot be easily realized. The river was the only traffic route by which the continent could be penetrated commercially. The Mississippi and its tributaries furnished about fifteen thousand miles of navigable waters then,—about twice as much as at the present time. The St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Columbia, the Yukon, are all great traffic routes in spite of the railway.

Before the time of the river steamer, the barge, or "battoe," was employed to take freight upstream; the raft of generous proportions carried it downstream, and inasmuch as the greater bulk of goods went downstream the arrangement was not bad. The amount of coal going down the Ohio River in barges when reckoned in tons requires some pretty big figures to express. A single tug will "snub" twenty-four barges, each containing about one thousand tons; the tug no longer hauls the barges in tow; it hardly more than steers; the river current is the chief propelling agent going downstream.

Even now the barge is a factor of importance on the Mississippi. The barge is "thrown together" rather than built, say at St. Paul. The bargeman takes two loads; one of them is of lumber; the other need not be mentioned. The lumber is carried to a Southern port and sold; the barge is broken up and likewise sold.

About twenty-five years ago a cargo of wheat at St. Paul was loaded in barges and the train barges towed to New Orleans for the sum of eighteen thousand dollars. Thence it went to Liverpool. The lowest rate for which the railways would agree to deliver the cargo to the

Atlantic Seaboard was seventy-five thousand dollars. Is river navigation a dead issue in the United States? Well, hardly; the handwriting is on the wall.

Real Arithmetic

By W. F. JOHNSON

If we should question a number of fathers and mothers concerning what branches of Arithmetic they had studied as pupils in the grammar grades the chances are that partial payments, cube root and compound proportion would be mentioned by most of them. If questioned again concerning how much use these subjects had been in their later lives, they would probably hesitate, and if they gave any plausible answer at all it might be, "Well, it was of good disciplinary value."

For a long time after thoughtful people had questioned the value of some of the branches taught in arithmetic their objections were met with this defense: "Arithmetic has wonderful disciplinary value." It is now claimed by many educators that other branches of school work have fully as much disciplinary value as these obsolete branches of arithmetic, and at the same time are of value to the child in his every-day life. When we consider the great number of subjects that crowd the present school curriculum from the standpoint of values, it seems to me that it is wise to drop overboard some of this unnecessary load of arithmetic.

The question then arises: "What of arithmetic shall we teach?" I would answer: "Give him as much of arithmetic as he needs and will need in his daily life."

During the years that this change has been occurring concerning *what* should be taught in arithmetic, there has been developing a yet greater change concerning *how* arithmetic should be taught. Years ago arithmetic was taught as an abstract study and in an abstract way. This was followed by what is called the concrete method, or by means of objects. Probably the use of objects in number work is more generally approved to-day than it ever has been in the past, but many teachers confine their list of such objects to blocks and splints, and use these to stand for or to represent real things.

A forward step is made when we use real things in connection with our arithmetic. When we study wall papering we can use real wall paper and cover a portion of the wall. When we study cord measure the children may be taken to a field where real wood is corded and they may measure this. I consider the most valuable work I have ever done as a teacher of arithmetic to be the bookkeeping in connection with an eighth grade garden where the children order their own seeds, tools, fertilizers, plowing, etc.; pay for these by checks upon their own account with a bank; sell their produce from the garden, etc. Thus we may make the work *real* to the pupils and have it, so far as we can, enter into their very lives.

Industrial Nature Studies

By FRANK O. PAYNE.

In this department there will be presented a series of tables designed to bring before a class the importance of certain common things, so that a comprehensive view may be insured. These tables ought not to be placed before a class entire, at least not for the beginning: they should be built up in a series of lessons. The table will grow from day to day until it is completed. Thus the table on maize or Indian corn should require several days, each step being the result of a lesson. The ear of green corn will supply material for the first sub-division, the study of the stem the second, and the ripe ear may profitably supply material for four or five lessons.

TABLE I

The Corn Plant.... (fodder 1)	Young ear...	Human food (Sweet corn	{ Green. Dried. Canned.
		Husks	{ Beds. Mats. Shoes. Fodder (2).
		Silk (Medicinal).	
		Pith	{ Cellulose. Microscopic sections. Electric apparatus. Packing ship hulls.
	Stalk	Leaf	{ Cattle food. Paper stock. Fertilizers.
		Fodder (3)	
		Fertilizer	
	Ripe ear...	Cob	{ Fuel. Pipes for smokers.
			{ Whole corn. Cracked corn.
			{ Hulled corn. Corn flakes. "Cerealine." Po corn. Grits. Hominy. Samp.
		For brewing	{ Whisky. Alcohol. Cologne.
		Seeds	{ Bran. Gluten.
	Fodder (4).	Starch	{ Laundry starch. Food. Dextrine. Glucose. Caramel. Syrup. Industrial Uses.
		Fodder (5)	
		Germs	{ Oil. Oil cake. Artificial rubber.

As the lessons proceed, the table will grow and when finished the children may copy it neatly in notebooks for future reference.

Let samples of all or as many as possible be collected, bottled, labeled and placed in the school museum.

Sequence of lessons may be as follows:

1. The grain, its structure, parts, manner of attachment to cob, and tests for the various nutrients it contains. Varieties of corn brought in by the pupils. Time—any time, preferably winter.

2. Germination of corn as shown in tumbler experiments with wet blotting-paper or sawdust to learn how the embryo starts, how the roots come forth, root hairs and the method of breaking thru the soil. Time—late winter and spring.

3. Study of growing corn, both when sown broadcast for fodder and also when planted in fields and gardens. Methods of cultivation and implements used (hoe, cultivator, etc.) Time—spring and summer.

4. The ear and the tassel to introduce method of reproduction, crossing, inheritance, hybrids, etc. Time—summer and early autumn.

5. Stem and leaf can be studied to introduce pith, parallel veined leaves, brace roots. Time—summer and autumn. In winter, old stalks are often useful and young stalk-sections can be preserved in dilute formaline for use at any time.

6. Ripe ears of every sort should be provided for study and the various preparations of corn such as cereal foods, starch and glucose, are useful for experiments in foods and tests for starch, grape sugar and oils. Time—any season, preferably winter, when the other material is not so abundant.

7. The question of brewing and distilling may be properly presented and some experiments in distilling water and even the separation of alcohol from its solution in water may very well be shown in winter.

8. Methods of canning corn and other products can be presented in connection with any substance which is preserved in that way. This will introduce the question of sterilization of foods and the reasons for heating and sealing.

Thus it will be seen that the corn plant and its products may be made to supply material for a series of lessons extending over an entire year if it is so desired. Such a plan is not to be recommended, as pupils are likely to tire of one theme if it is extended over too long a period. Some of the products represented in the foregoing outline may require a word of explanation.

1. The occurrence of the word "fodder" in several places needs a few words. The whole plant, when young, is very rich in sap. It contains much starch and considerable sugar. The farmer often sows corn broadcast, and when it is three or four feet tall he cuts it and feeds it green to his stock. This is represented in "fodder." (1)

Green corn husks are fed to cattle and swine. *Fodder.* (2)

In autumn, when the ears have been gathered, the stalks are sometimes fed as *fodder* (3), as is also the leaf, but owing to the lack of sap and preponderance of cellulose, they can scarcely be regarded as desirable stock food.

Horses and swine are often fed on whole ears of ripe corn, but they rarely eat the cobs.

Fodder (5) represents the waste in the process of starch manufacture. It is sold wet to nearby farms, but most of it is pressed into cakes or sold in powder form like bran. "Oil cake" is also a form of fodder. It is what remains after the corn oil has been extracted from the germs.

2. For beds and mattresses, husks are stripped up into fine shreds and allowed to dry. In drying they twist and curl up, making excellent material for beds and cushions. Shoes are made of plaited husks in some places. They form a sort of easy moccasin, but their use is not at all general.

3. Corn silk is used as a diuretic medicine. An extract is made from the silk, but its use is very limited. It may not be advisable to inform a class of boys that dried corn silk is also often used in lieu of tobacco by boys in learning to smoke, but in some occult way this is usually known by boys, as may be learned if inquiry be made about the use of corn silk.

4. Pith balls in electrosopes are familiar to children who have had simple exercises with frictional electricity.

In microscopy, pith is often used to hold small objects which are to be sectioned. But perhaps the most extraordinary use of pith is in the construction of hulls of ships. Even battleships often have the space between the outer and inner planking filled up with pith. The reason for this will appear when it is remembered that when pith comes in contact with water it swells up like a sponge. Now, if by any accident a hole be made in the outside of the hull of a vessel, the water, on entering, will come in contact with the pith. The pith will immediately swell up and so plug the hole, preventing the entrance of any more water.

5. Pipes for smokers are made of corn-cobs. Several different forms are upon the market. For fuel, a fire of cobs is exceedingly hot. Corn-cobs burn with a clear flame and no smoke.

6. The various products of the seed need no explanation. They are so common as to make their discussion unnecessary here. The products derived from starch, however, need some comment. (a) Dextrine is used for mucilage.

(b) Glucose is an adulterant for sugar and is used extensively in making candy, syrups, etc. (c) Caramel is used in confectionery and in coloring liquors. (d) Among the chief industrial uses of starch are sizing for cloth such as muslins, calico, etc.

7. Artificial rubber is produced by a secret process known as vulcanizing of corn oil. It is a brown substance resembling caoutchouc and is employed in making tires for automobiles and bicycles. It is also used with old rubber in various reclaiming plants, and is probably, therefore, to be found in raincoats, overshoes and belting.

Similar tables representing other cereals may also be made.

FIBERS

The second table, which follows, is offered as a means of presenting the subject of fibers in condensed form.

This is general in its character, but each dimension is capable of being again classified, as is shown in Table III, where one plant has been selected from Table II, and its study expanded. This sort of work can be almost indefinitely extended as long as time permits or interest aroused.

The table is not to be learned. It may serve as the thread on which a great many lessons may be strung, or it may be employed as a scheme of presentation, growing from day to day until the outline has been completed.

In the end, the table furnishes an almost ideal scheme for review and if correlated with geography it becomes a very helpful aid.

Samples of all the articles mentioned in II and III, labelled, make an interesting collection always valuable in geography lessons. For example, let a piece of burlap, asbestos, mohair, silk or bamboo be taken. Examine it. Find out from what country it came. By pictures, books or in some other way determine how it is obtained. Let it be found out in what way it reaches the United States. Trace the route. Of what use is it? What qualities make it valuable for this special use? Thus: It is its strength that makes jute fiber valuable for bags and cordage. It is its fibrous nature and incombustibility that makes asbestos valuable for fireproofing. It is the luster and fineness of silk and mohair that makes them prized in fabrics. It is its strength and lightness that give value to bamboo.

Most of the items in Table III are so well known that their mention is sufficient. The following may need special comment:

1. Batting is loosely massed fiber marketed in rolls and used for filling cushions, quilts, etc.

2. Absorbent cotton is fiber of the finest grade, which has been carefully selected and sterilized. It is used in hospitals and elsewhere for binding up wounds. It takes the place of lint, which was formerly made by scraping cloth.

3. Nitro-cellulose is made by treating cotton with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids. So-called gun cotton is very explosive. Celluloid, collodion, etc., are made by various combinations of gun cotton with ether, camphor and other substances.

4. Cottolene is coming into general use as a substitute for lard in cooking. Cottonseed oil is rectified and used as a table oil in place of olive oil and also as an adulterant for olive oil.

5. Mercerized fabrics are formed by treating cotton cloths with alkalies. The process was discovered by a man named Mercer, hence the name.

6. Formerly the woody stems of the cotton plants were gathered and burned or plowed under to fertilize the cottonfields, but now they are utilized for paper stock, and within the last few years the best fibers have been used for cloth, which is similar to flax in quality.

TABLE II.

Fibers ...	Mineral ...	Asbestos. Mineral wool. Spun glass.
	Cotton . . .	Cordage. Cloth. Yarn. Thread. Batting. Wadding. Waste. Gun Cotton.
	Flax	Table linen. Handkerchief. Collars. Laces. Thread. Twine.
	Hemp	Cordage. Canvas. Oakum. Fish lines. Fish nets. Carpet warp. Bags. Upholstery. Cordage.
	Jute	Burlap.
Vegetable ...	Whole stems	Straw. Broom corn. Brush splints. Spanish moss. Rattan. Reeds. Bamboo.
	Miscellaneous....	Ramie. Manila hemp. Sisal hemp. China grass. Raphia. Crex. Cocoanut. Palmetto. Pineapple. Linden. Sweet grass.
	Artificial	Paper. Artificial silk. Maché.
Animal ...	Silk	Wool. Mohair. Hair. Fur. Real (silk worm). Spider silk. Bissus (sea mussel).

TABLE III.

Cotton fibre	Yarn	Rope. Twine. Thread.
	Cloth	Muslin. Lawn. Calico. Gingham. Long cloth, etc. Mercerized goods.
	Batting. Wadding. Absorbent cotton. Waste.	
	Nitro cellulose	Celluloid. Artificial silk. Gun cotton. Collodion. Electric light filaments.
	Stock food.	
Cotton seed	Oil	Table use. Cooking (cottolene). Soap. Candles.
	Oil cake....	
	Oil meal....	
	Hulls	Fodder and fertilizer. Cattle food. Fuel. Fertilizer.
	Linters	Cheap yarns. Batting. Nitro cellulose.
Stem	Paper stock.	
	Fibre (bast).	
	Fertilizers.	

Arbor Day

Plant in the springtime the beautiful trees,
So that in future each soft summer breeze,
Whispering thru tree-tops may call to our mind,
Days of our childhood then left far behind.

Days when we learned to be faithful and true;
Days when we yearned our life's future to view;
Days when the good seemed so easy to do;
Days when life's cares were so light and so few.

Oft in the present are we made to know
What was done for us in years long ago,
How others sowed in the vast fields of thought,
And, to us, harvests from their work is brought.

And, as we read, in some tree's welcome shade,
Of the works of earth's wise men, which never can fade,
Thanks would we waft on the soft summer breeze,
Both to planters of thought and planters of trees.

Then should we think, in our heritage grand,
We, too, belong to that glorious band,
Who in word or in thought, or in deed something do
To advance this old world somewhat on to the new.

As in the past men did plant for to-day,
So will we plant in this beautiful May,
Trees that in future shall others' shade cool,
Thoughts that shall ripen for earth's future school.

—Selected.

Ethics Thru Literature*

By HARRIET E. PEET, State Normal School, Salem, Mass.

Courtesy as Chivalry

In olden days, a boy of noble birth was trained to serve a noble lady, for gentleness and refinement, and taught as he grew to manhood,

To reverence the King as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King;
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it;
To honor his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they win her.

A knight in the days of chivalry, or a noble lady, was taught to look upon all alike, to treat the deserving and undeserving with uniform quiet courtesy, showing deference without obsequiousness, kindness without condescension, and consideration without inquisitiveness. So it comes about that if we would train our children to a habit of looking out for others in a dignified, courteous way, that we turn to the stories of olden time.

If we are in search of a story that shows a courteous youth sorely tried and yet proving true, it is natural for us to turn to that of Gareth in King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table. We give it here in abridged form.

In taking up the work with the children it is well to precede the narrative with a discussion of questions similar to these.

How may consideration be shown older people in going thru a door? In choosing a seat in a room?

How can consideration be shown older people in a street-car?

What should be done by young people when an older person enters a room?

Why is it considered unmanly for a boy to rush past a girl in going thru a door? To keep a seat while a woman is standing?

What is the rule for the stronger or younger toward the weaker or older on all occasions? Who has precedence? Why?

GARETH AND LYNETTE

As Gareth grew to manhood, he begged the queen, his mother, for permission to join the knights at Arthur's court.

But slowly spake the mother, looking at him,
"Prince, thou shalt go disguised to Arthur's hall,
And hire thyself to serve for meats and drinks
Among the scullions and the kitchen-knaves,
And those that hand the dish across the bar.
Nor shalt thou tell thy name to anyone.
And thou shalt serve a twelvemonth and a day."

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For so the Queen believed that when her son
Beheld his only way to glory lead
Low down thro' villain kitchen-vassalage,
Her own true Gareth was too princely-proud
To pass thereby; so should he rest with her,
Closed in her castle from the sound of arms.

Silent awhile was Gareth, then replied,
"The thrall in person may be free in soul,
And I shall see the jousts. Thy son am I,
And since thou art my mother, must obey.
I therefore yield me freely to thy will:
For hence will I, disguised, and hire myself
To serve with scullions and with kitchen-knaves;
Nor tell my name to any—no, not the King."

So Gareth all for glory underwent
The sooty yoke of kitchen-vassalage;
Ate with young lads his portion by the door,
And couch'd at night with grimy kitchen-knaves.
And Lancelot ever spake him pleasantly,
But Kay the seneschal, who loved him not,
Would hustle and harry him, and labor him
Beyond his comrade of the hearth, and set
To turn the broach, draw water, or hew wood,
Or grosser tasks; and Gareth bow'd himself
With all obedience to the King, and wrought
All kind of service with a noble ease
That graced the lowliest act in doing it.
And when the thralls had talk among themselves,
And one would praise the love that linkt the King
And Lancelot—how the King had saved his life
In battle twice, and Lancelot once the King's—
For Lancelot was the first in Tournament,
But Arthur mightiest on the battle-field—
Gareth was glad. But if their talk were foul,
Then would he whistle rapid as any lark,
Or carol some old roundelay, and so loud
That first they mock'd, but, after, reverenced him.
Or Gareth telling some prodigious tale
Of knights, who sliced a red life-bubbling way
Thro' twenty folds of twisted dragon, held
All in a gap-mouth'd circle his good mates
Lying or sitting round him, idle hands,
Charm'd; till Sir Kay, the seneschal, would come
Blustering upon them, like a sudden wind
Among dead leaves, and drive them all apart.

Or when the thralls had sport among themselves,
So there were any trial of mastery,
He, by two yards in casting bar or stone
Was counted best; and if there chanced a joust,
So that Sir Kay nodded him leave to go,
Would hurry thither, and when he saw the knights
Clash like the coming and retiring wave,
And the spear spring, and good horse reel, the boy
Was half beyond himself for ecstasy.

So for a month he wrought among the thralls;
But in the weeks that follow'd, the good Queen,
Repentant of the word she made him swear,

And saddening in her childless castle, sent,
Between the in-crescent and de-crescent moon,
Arms for her son, and loosed him from his vow.

This, Gareth hearing from a squire of Lot
With whom he used to play at tourney once,
When both were children, and in lonely haunts
Would scratch a ragged oval on the sand,
And each at either dash from either end—
Shame never made girl redder than Gareth joy.
He laughed; he sprang. "Out of the smoke, at once
I leap from Satan's foot to Peter's knee—
These news be mine, none other's—nay, the King's—
Descend into the city:" whereon he sought
The King alone, and found, and told him all.

"I have stagger'd thy strong Gawain in a tilt
For pastime; yea, he said it: joust can I.
Make me thy knight—in secret! let my name
Be hidd'n, and give me the first quest, I spring
Like flame from ashes."

Thus it came about that Gareth was knighted in secret, and the first quest promised him; and, when upon that same day a damsel of high lineage came asking for Lancelot to do battle with three knights who lay siege to her sister's castle, that Gareth was given the quest.

The damsel, filled with wrath, cried, "Fie on thee, King! I asked for thy chief knight, and thou hast given me but a kitchen knave."

With that the maiden, Lynette, turned, took horse and fled, and Gareth followed after upon a noble horse, the king's gift. When he came upon Lynette he drew his horse's reins and said, "Damsel, the quest is mine. Lead and I follow."

Whereupon Lynette tilted her slender nose and said, "Hence, avoid, thou smellest of the kitchen grease."

"Damsel," Sir Gareth answered gently, "say whatever you will, but whatsoever you say, I leave not till I finish this fair quest, or die therefor."

But Lynette did not cease to revile him, and so angry did she become that in thoughtlessness she lost the way. As dark came on, they found themselves in a deep wood near water. Suddenly they heard shouts, and a man broke thru the woods crying, "They have bound my lord to cast him in the mere."

Then Gareth cried, "Bound am I to right the wrong'd," and down among the pines he plunged, and rescued a baron who said, "I well believe you be of Arthur's table"; but Lynette gave a light laugh and cried, "Truly, in a sort, King Arthur's kitchen knaves. But will ye yield us harborage?"

And when within the baron's manor Gareth was placed beside the damself again she cried,

"Meseems that here is much courtesy, setting this knave, Lord Baron, at my side. He is a villain fitter to stick swine than ride abroad redressing women's wrong, or sit beside a noble gentlewoman."

Then half-ashamed and part-amazed, the lord
Now look'd at one and now at other; left
The damsel by the peacock in his pride,
And, seating Gareth at another board,
Sat down beside him and ate with him.

On the morrow, at the bend of a river, the first of the three knights who held Lynette's sister captive was met. With insolent words he greeted Gareth, calling him a kitchen knave, to whom Gareth replied,

"Dog, thou liest. I spring from loftier lineage than thine own."

He spake; and all at fiery speed the two Shock'd on the central bridge, and either spear Bent but not brake, and either knight at once, Hurl'd as a stone from out of a catapult Beyond his horse's crupper and the bridge, Fell, as if dead; but quickly rose and drew, And Gareth lash'd so fiercely with his brand He drove his enemy backward down the bridge, The damsel crying, "Well stricken, kitchen-knave!" Till Gareth's shield was cloven; but one stroke Laid him that clove it grovelling on the ground.

Then cried the fall'n, "Take not my life: I yield." And Gareth, "So this damsel ask it of me Good—I accord it easily as a grace."

She reddening, "Insolent scullion: I of thee? I bound to thee for any favor ask'd!" "Then shall he die." And Gareth there unlaced His helmet as to slay him, but she shriek'd, "Be not so hardy, scullion, as to slay One nobler than thyself." "Damsel, thy charge Is an abounding pleasure to me. Knight, Thy life is thine at her command. Arise And quickly pass to Arthur's hall, and say His kitchen-knave hath sent thee. See thou crave His pardon for thy breaking of his laws. Myself, when I return, will plead for thee. Thy shield is mine—farewell; and, damsel, thou Lead, and I follow."

And fast away she fled. Then when he came upon her spake. "Methought, Knave, when I watch'd thee striking on the bridge The savor of thy kitchen came upon me A little faintlier: but the wind hath changed: I scent it twenty-fold."

The second knight was met at another bend of the river, whom Gareth fiercely fought and conquered. After the battle Gareth asked, "Hath not the good wind, damsel, changed again?"

But she scoffingly replied, "Nay, not a point: nor art thou victor here. There lies a ridge of slate across the ford; his horse stumbled thereon,—ay, for I saw it."

Toward evening Gareth and Lynette came upon the third of the knights, clad in old arms and with a shield upon which the Star of Even shone.

But when it glittered o'er the saddle-bow, They madly hurl'd together on the bridge;

And Gareth overthrew him, lighted, drew,
There met him drawn, and overthrew him again,
But up like fire he started; and as oft
As Gareth brought him grovelling on his knees,
So many a time he vaulted up again;
Till Gareth panted hard, and his great heart,
Foredooming all his trouble was in vain,
Labor'd within him, for he seem'd as one
That all in later, sadder age begins
To war against ill uses of a life,
But these from all his life arise, and cry,
"Thou hast made us lords, and canst not put us down!"
He half despairs; so Gareth seem'd to strike
Vainly, the damsel clamoring all the while,
"Well done, knave-knight, well stricken, O good knight—
knight—

O knave, as noble as any of all the knights—
Shame me not, shame me not. I have prophesied—
Strike, thou art worthy of the Table Round—
His arms are old, he trusts the harden'd skin—
Strike—strike—the wind will never change again."
And Gareth hearing ever stronglier smote,
And hew'd great pieces of his armor off him,
But lash'd in vain against the harden'd skin,
And could not wholly bring him under, more
Than loud Southwesterns, rolling ridge on ridge,
The buoy that rides at sea, and dips and springs
For ever; till at length Sir Gareth's brand
Clash'd his, and brake it utterly to the hilt.
"I have thee now"; but forth that other sprang,
And, all unknightlike, writhed his wiry arms
Around him, till he felt, despite his mail,
Strangled, but straining ev'n his uttermost
Cast, and so hurl'd him headlong o'er the bridge
Down to the river, sink or swim, and cried,
"Lead, and I follow."

But the damsel said,
"I lead no longer; ride thou at my side;
Thou art the kingliest of all kitchen-knaves.
Sir,—and, good faith, I fain had added—Knight,
But that I heard thee call thyself a knave,—
Shamed am I that I so rebuked, reviled,
Missaid thee; noble I am; and thought the King
Scorn'd me and mine; and now thy pardon, friend,
For thou hast ever answer'd courteously,
And wholly bold thou art, and meek withal
As any of Arthur's best, but, being knave,
Hast mazed my wit: I marvel what thou art."

"Damsel," he said, "you be not all to blame,
Saving that you mistrusted our good King
Would handle scorn, or yield you, asking, one
Not fit to cope your quest. You said your say;
Mine answer was my deed. Good sooth! I hold
He scarce is knight, yea but half-man, nor meet
To fight for gentle damsel, he, who lets
His heart be stirr'd with any foolish heat
At any gentle damsel's waywardness.
Shamed? care not! thy foul sayings fought for me:
And seeing now thy words are fair, methinks
There rides no knight, not Lancelot, his great self,
Hath force to quell me."

DISCUSSION OF STORY

In what way was Gareth different from the kitchen scullions with whom he worked?

Why did he not reply to Lynette when she reviled him?

Why did he persist in the quest when he found he was not wanted?

What were Gareth's traits of character?

What showed his sense of honor?

What showed his courage?

What showed that he was high-minded?

What showed that he was truly courteous?

Did Portia Help?

Did Portia aid Bassanio in choosing from the caskets? Miss Peet, of the Salem State Normal School, evidently thinks that she did not. In the October number of THE SCHOOL JOURNAL she quotes a part of the Casket Scene and implies that, while Portia's happiness depended on Bassanio's choosing the leaden casket, it would not have been right for her to give him a sign when choosing — and that she did not do so. Begging Miss Peet's pardon, it is our humble opinion that she did give him a hint as to which casket he should choose.

When Bassanio approached the caskets she said, "If you do love me, you will find me out." Then, as he stood musing before the caskets, she sang:

"Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed."

(Bassanio was at that moment gazing upon the three caskets.)

"And fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell."

A moment later Bassanio is heard to say:
"So may the outward shows be least themselves;
The world is still deceived with ornament.
Therefore, thou gaudy gold, I'll none of thee."

What can be plainer than that she tried to suggest to him that he should not choose by appearances, and that she succeeded?

Does our idol fall, then? Did the divine Portia act a lie? Not unless we are willing to concede that Portia's father had the right to impose such conditions on her marrying, as those of the Casket Plot.

L. H. BEALL.

A welcome to the springtime!

A welcome we would bring!

A welcome we would sing!

With butterflies and blossoms

And birds and bees on wing.

Old Winter's power is over

And Spring, with gentle hand,

With beauty, song and loveliness,

Fills all the happy land.

Then welcome, welcome, springtime!

Oh, welcome, springtime dear!

Oh, springtime is the queen time,

The crown of all the year.

A Graduate's Dream

A dramatization, consisting of a series of scenes, and forming a synopsis of the English work in the Course of Study of the New York City Schools

Arranged by MARY F. STARKEY

(Continued from the March SCHOOL JOURNAL)

From the opposite exit enter Pandora, weeping.

Rockaby Lady (Advancing).

Pray, who art thou, little child?
Why weepest thou in grief so wild?
Pray calm thy sorrow, thy sobs abate,
Let joy alone on the dreamer wait.

Pandora.

Alas! fair lady, fain would I bring
Joy to the maiden, would laugh and sing,
But joy again may I never feel;
Remorse has bound me with bands of steel.
Pandora, lady, is my name,
In old Greek myth well known to fame.
"Unhappy Pandora," the children sigh;
Unhappy Pandora, indeed am I!
When the world was young, was I a child,
And Epimetheus, my companion mild,
Gave to my care a chest tight sealed,
Whose contents ne'er had been revealed
To eye of mortal man below;
Thy cause for grief, Pandora, tell.

Rockaby Lady.

Didst guard the secret treasure well?
Thy cause for grief, Pandora, tell.

Pandora.

Nay, lady mine; the command was clear,
"Thou shalt not ope the treasure here."
But Pandora the words did not obey,
And therein doth her great fault lay.
She threw aside the treasure lid;
Behold! the light of morn was hid
By evil spirits, black and gray,
Who 'scaped from durance vile that day,
Escaped to use their wicked power
Upon men of earth e'en to this hour.
And so I wander o'er the earth,
Bereft of joy, bereft of mirth,
But seeking, seeking everywhere
To seize the evil spirits there,
And in their place to leave behind
A dream of hope in human mind.

Rockaby Lady.

A dream of hope! Fair dream in truth
To print upon the mind of youth.

Pandora (Kissing maiden's brow).

Fair maiden, when the sun of life doth shed
No beams of light upon thy head,
Then turn to Hope thy eager eye,
And keep her presence ever nigh.
May the smile of hope thy path illumine,
And keep thy life with heaven in tune.
Farewell, maiden, a long farewell.
May Pandora in your mem'ry dwell.

Pandora passes out, waving a farewell to the sleeping maiden, who smiles in her slumber. As she departs,

Rockaby Lady.

Let myth and legend go their way,
And Romance its beauty before her lay,
Revealing to her inner eye, maidens fair,
And ideals high beyond compare.

Chorus sings "The Breaking Waves Dashed High." Priscilla enters, seats herself at the spinning-wheel and spins. During progress of the last lines, enter John Alden, carrying a simple bouquet of white flowers, which he bashfully hands to Priscilla.

Priscilla.

"Tell me, John, of thy walk, of the birds and the beautiful Springtime,
Talk of our friends at home, and the May-flower that sails on the morrow,
Back to the English shore, back to our friends in old England.
I have been dreaming all night, thinking all day of the hedge-rows of England.
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is sad, for I wish myself back in old England.

John Alden.

Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting and needs a stronger to lean on—
So I have come to you now with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth.

Priscilla.

If the great captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I am certainly not worth the winning.

John Alden.

He's the great captain of Plymouth, and war for the people his province;
He is far too busy, you see, and has no time for such things.

Priscilla.

Has no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it or make it after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot;

When you have made up your minds, after thinking
of this one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with
another,
Then you make known your desire with abrupt and
sudden avowal,
And are offended and hurt and indignant, perhaps,
that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never
suspected.
This is not right nor just, for surely a woman's
affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the
asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it but
shows it.
Had he waited awhile, had he only showed that
he loved me,
Even this captain of yours—who knows?—at last
might have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen.

John Alden.

Nay, think of his courage and skill and of all his
battles in Flanders,
How with the people of God he has chosen to suffer
affliction;
How, in return for his zeal, they have made him cap-
tain of Plymouth;
He is a gentleman born, can trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lanca-
shire, England;
He is a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
Tho' he is rough, he is kindly, you know how during
the winter
He has attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as
woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot, I cannot deny it, and
headstrong,
Stern as a soldier must be, but hearty and placable
always,
Not to be laughed at and scorned because he is little
of stature;
For he is great of heart, magnanimous, courtly,
courageous;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in Eng-
land,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of
Miles Standish.

Priscilla.

Yea, right well I believe it; but—why don't you speak
for yourself, John?

Priscilla runs off the stage, overturning her
spinning-wheel, and with a mischievous back-
ward glance at Alden, who stands amazed, then
slowly takes his hat and passes out opposite
exit.

Chorus sings "Who Is Sylvia?" as Portia,
dressed in cap and gown, book in hand, ad-
vances to center of stage.

Rockaby Lady.

Fair Portia, creature of the bard sublime,
Ideal of womankind throughout all time,
What vision sweet and memory pure,
That thro' her life may still endure,

Canst thou in beauty and in truth
Imprint upon the dreams of youth?
Portia.

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
It is mighty in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show liktest God's
When mercy seasons justice."

Chorus sings third stanza of "Who Is Syl-
via?" and Portia slowly proceeds across stage
toward exit from which enter girls carrying
garlands, which they hold toward Portia (tab-
leau). They retreat toward exit in front of
Portia as she leaves. Rockaby Lady, advancing to
dreamer, imprints a kiss upon her brow, then
slowly recedes, waving her poppy sleeves.
Chorus sings "Hark! Hark, the Lark!"
Dreamer awakes, slowly arises, looks wonder-
ingly to right and then to the left.

Graduate.

Ye visions of childhood's hour that in slumber came
so fleet,
Ye dreams with magic power to awaken memories
sweet,
O why must ye haste away to oblivion's dark shore,
Pray, do but slumber there and come to me once more.
A child I entered these halls, to seek within this place
The wisdom of the ages, the heritage of the race,
And I found in book and story, in song and legend old,
A greater e'en than knowledge, a wealth to me un-
told;
For the pure, the good, and the beautiful lay now be-
fore my eyes,
Ideals of wondrous beauty, of truth that never dies.
The soul within me hearkened to the voice of spirits
mild;
A spark of the eternal was enkindled in the child.
And now as on life's journey the upward way I tread,
My footsteps shall not falter, the way I do not dread,
For the ideals of childhood's hour will be as beacons
in the night
To guide me ever upward and onward by their light.
O home of my childish labors, farewell from thee I
take;
To thee, my friend and principal, my last adieu I
make;
To those whose patience ne'er-failing has helped me
on my way,
Whose guiding hand has led me lest I go astray,
To teachers true and faithful, my gratitude I offer;
And classmates,—before to these dear friends our last
farewells we proffer,
Let us pledge in solemn faith, to our school to be true,
To keep its ideals before us, to render them honor due,
To impart the good it has given to others by the way,
To make the gospel of service the watchword of each
day.

Evangeline—Dramatized

By GUSTAVE BLUM and E. FERN HAGUE

(Continued from the March SCHOOL JOURNAL)

Scene Seven

(Enter Basil and Evangeline.)

Basil.

Into this wonderful land here, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far has entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.

Evangeline.

Yes, sometimes we see, or think we see, the smoke of his campfire,
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain, but at nightfall,
When we have reached the place, we find only the ashes and embers.
But the our hearts are sad at times and our bodies weary,
Hope still guides us on, as the magic Fata Morgana, Shows us her lakes of light, that retreat and vanish before us.

Basil.

We have followed him swiftly flown by the blast of fate, like a death sheath over the desert.
But we have not yet found trace of the days, of his course in the lake or forest.
Only vague and uncertain rumors are our guides thru a wild and desolate country.

Evangeline.

Have we not at the little inn of the Spaniards' town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, alighted and learned from the garden landlord
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road to the prairies?

Basil.

Far in the west, there lies a desert land where the mountains
Lift thru the perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
There beautiful rains are spread and scattered tribes of
The Indians wander o'er them, staining the desert with blood.
Come, let us lie down and rest our weary feet awhile and then start once again.

Evangeline.

But what is that form moving thru the bushes?

Basil (Grasping pistol).

A skulking Indian, no doubt. No!

A woman! Let us see what she wants.

(Enter Shawnee woman. Evangeline behind Basil.)

Shawnee.

Me—Shawnee—woman—go home to my people—
Husband—he—

Coureur—de—Bois—Comanches murder.

Basil (To Evangeline).

Her husband has been murdered by the Comanches.

Evangeline.

Yes, I understand. Poor little woman!
(Evangeline comforts her.)

Evangeline.

Come, we are friends, do not fear.

Basil.

I shall soon return. I go to see how fare my men.
(Exit Basil. Evangeline and the Shawnee woman sit.)

Evangeline.

Come, tell me your story. Our buffalo meat and venison will then have cooked on the embers.

Shawnee.

My husband—Courieur de Bois—Canada—big Chief Comanche he jealous and want me—Long story. Comanche come by night kill—(The Shawnee weeps.)

Evangeline (Aside).

Another has had pleasures and pains and reverses. Another hopeless heart has been disappointed. She, too, in her way has suffered.

(To the Shawnee.)

I, too, have had sorrow and disappointment. I was betrothed and in the midst of our feasting my Gabriel was taken from me.

Shawnee (Horrified).

Ah, O, Mowis!

Evangeline.

Mowis?

Shawnee (Mysteriously shaking her head).

Yes, Mowis! Bridegroom of snow! He and maiden—Mowis, pass from wigwam, fade and melt, in sun. She see him no more, like you. Same with fair Lilinau—love maiden. She go away—no more back, like you.

Evangeline.

Perhaps I, too, am pursuing a phantom! (To Shawnee.)

Perhaps you have seen my Gabriel?

Shawnee (Shakes her head in negation.)

No, but in village, Black Robe Chief of the Mission, maybe he knows.

Evangeline.

Let us go to the Mission, then, for there good tidings await us.

(Exeunt R.)

Scene Eight

(Enter Evangeline. She is changed and much older.)

Evangeline.

To this delightful land, washed by the Delaware's shores, come I at last an exile, Finding among the children of Pennsylvania a home and a country.

Here, dear old Rene Lablanc has died; and when he departed, they tell me, Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.

Something at least there is in the friendly streets of the city,

Something that speaks to my heart, and makes me no longer a stranger.
And my ear is pleased with "Thee" and "Thou" of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, my old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal and all were brothers and sisters.
Days and weeks and months have I spent at the Mission,
And when my sad tale was told, the priest at the solemnity answered
That long before my Gabriel this same sad tale had told him,
And then arose and continued his journey.

(Enter Katherine.)

Katherine.

Ah, it is you, sweet sister of mercy!

Evangeline.

Yes, good Katherine.

Katherine.

I have much to thank you for. See how I have grown
While for years you have lived as a Sister of Mercy;
frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where disease and want conceal themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languish neglected.
Night after night when the world is asleep as the watchman repeats
Loud thru the dusty streets that All is Well in the city,
High at some lonely window he sees the light of thy taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn as thru the suburbs,
Plods the German farmer with flowers and fruits for the market,
Meets he thy meek, pale face returning home from its watchings.

Evangeline.

I am glad to feel I can do some good.

Katherine.

But now a pestilence has fallen upon our city,
Death floods life, and overflowing its natural margin
Spreads to a blackish lake the silver stream of its existence;
Alas, the poor who have neither friends nor attendance
Creep away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.

Evangeline.

The humble walls of the Almshouse seem to echo softly the words of the Lord:
"The poor ye always have with you." Thither by night and by day come I.
The dying look up into my face and think indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle my forehead with splendor.
To-day is the Sabbath. Come with me through the deserted and silent streets to the almshouse.
(Exeunt.)

Scene Nine

Enter Evangeline with flowers:

Sweet on the summer was the odor of flowers in the garden,
And I paused on my way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Something within me said, "At length thy trials are ended."
And with light in my heart I can enter the chamber of sickness.
(Looking off stage.)
Noiselessly move about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lips, and the aching brow in silence,
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces.
Where on their pallets they lie, like drifts of snow by the roadside,
Many a languid head will rise as I enter,
Turn on its pillow of pain to gaze while I pass.
And as I look around I shall see how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, healed it forever.

(Evangeline suddenly looks L. She sees Gabriel being brought in on a stretcher, carried by two attendants. She drops flowers and stops the attendants with a gesture. The attendants exeunt.)

Evangeline.

Alas, the form of an old man! Gabriel, O, my beloved!

(Evangeline falls to her knees and sobs on the pallet.)

End of Scene Nine.

Afterlude

Prologue. (Enters).

All is ended now, the hope and the fear, and the sorrow.
All the aching of the heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain and constant anguish of patience.
Still stands the forest primeval, but far away from its sheaves,
Side by side in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city they lie unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of the life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains where theirs are no longer busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!
Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race with other customs and language.

LO! THE DAY.

"**MARTHA.**"

Memory Gems for April

(Saturdays and Sundays omitted.)

APRIL 3

The bluebird chants from the elm's long
branches,
A hymn to welcome the budding year.
The south wind wanders from field to forest,
And softly whispers, "Spring is here."

APRIL 4

Never yet was a springtime,
Late tho lingered the snow,
That the sap stirred not at the whisper
Of the south wind, sweet and low;
Never yet was a springtime
When the buds forgot to blow.

—MARGARET SANGSTER.

APRIL 5

No man hath ever known or said
How many there may be,
But each tree helpeth to make a shade;
Each leaf to make a tree.

—HOLMES.

APRIL 6

There isn't a blossom under our feet
But has some teaching short and sweet
That is richly worth the knowing.

—HEMANS.

APRIL 7

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest
That seemeth best of all.

—ALICE CARY.

APRIL 10

Plant thou a tree, whose griefless leaves shall
sing
Thy deed and thee, each fresh unfolding spring.

—EDITH M. THOMAS.

APRIL 11

If the trees go, men must decay. Whosoever
works for the forest works for the happiness
and permanence of our civilization.

—ELIZUR WRIGHT.

APRIL 12

Do not rob or mar a tree unless you really
need what it has to give you.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

APRIL 13

I can think of no more pleasant way of being
remembered than in planting a tree.

—LOWELL.

APRIL 14

The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees,
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state, and in three more decays.

—DRYDEN.

APRIL 17

The young should plant trees in recognition
of the obligations they owe to those who planted
trees for them. The old should plant trees to
illustrate their hope for the future, and their
concern for those who are to come after them.

—J. WILSON.

APRIL 18

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from
sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! —LONGFELLOW.

APRIL 19

The work of the man who plants trees grows
better and better, year after year, for genera-
tions.

APRIL 20

To own a bit of ground, to scratch it with a
hoe, to plant seeds and watch their renewal of
life—this is the commonest delight of the race,
the most satisfactory thing one can do.

—WARNER.

APRIL 21

Winged lute that we call a bluebird,
You blend in a silver strain
The sound of the laughing water,
The patter of Spring's sweet rain,
The voice of the winds, the sunshine,
The fragrance of blossoming things.
Oh, you are an April poem,
That God has dowered with wings.

—REXFORD.

APRIL 24

While I live, I trust I shall have my trees, my
peaceful landscapes, my free country life—and
while I possess so much, I shall own 100,000
shares in the Bank of Contentment.—RUSKIN.

APRIL 25

A lifetime treasure of shade or fruit
May children gain for their transient toil,
When a tree shall rise from the slender root
They are burying deep in the mellow soil.
—EUGENE C. DOLSON.

APRIL 26

Maple tree! Maple tree! None can compare
with thee!
Sipping earth's nectar to sweetness impart.

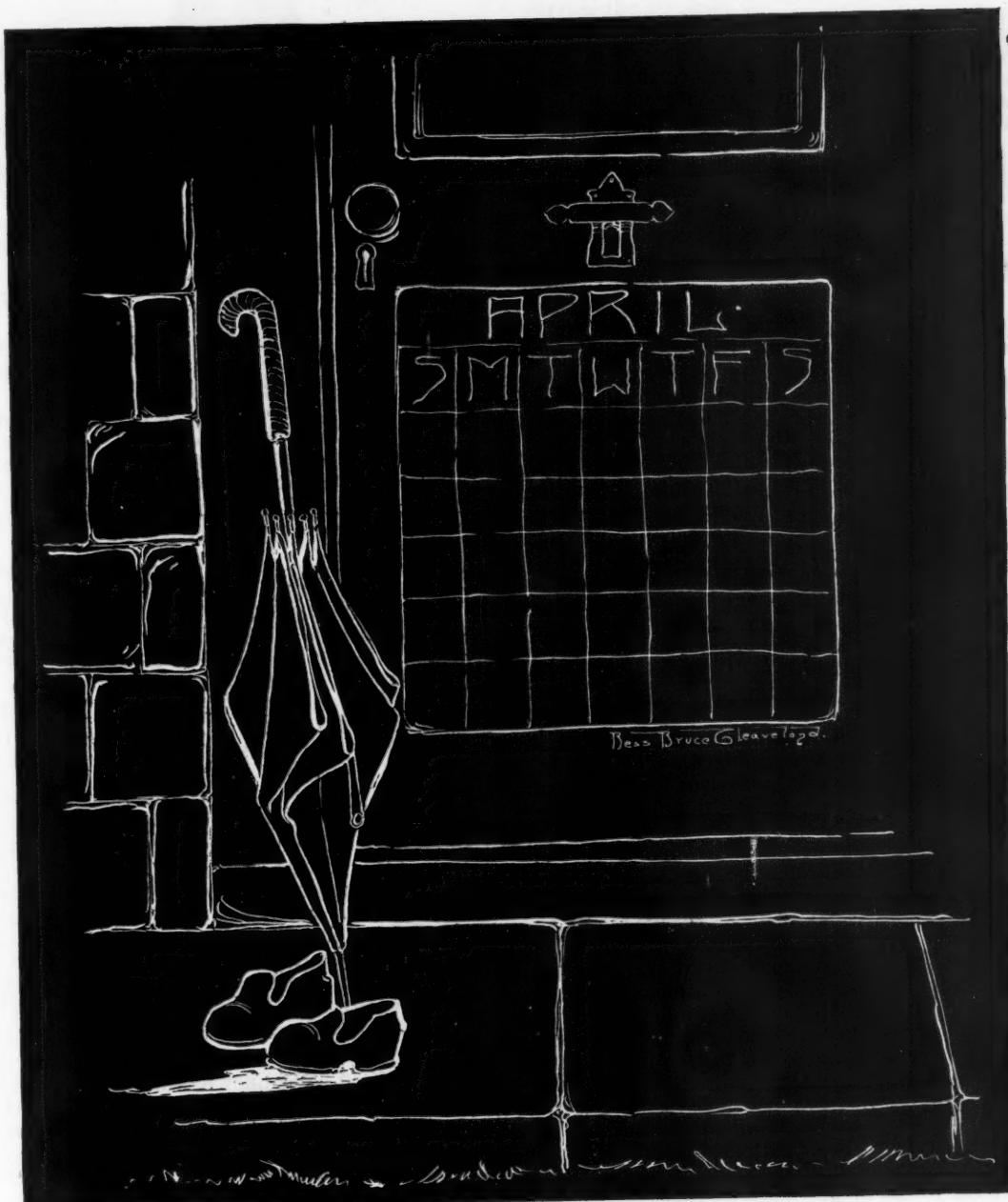
HOLBROOK.

APRIL 27

A song to the old oak! the brave old oak!
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long.
Here's health and renown to his broad green
crown,
And his fifty arms so strong. —CHORLE.

APRIL 28

Come, happy children, with footsteps light,
To the cool green woods away!
Let us choose a tree that is young and strong,
To plant on Arbor Day.



April Blackboard Calendar

Red Letter Days in April

For the School Calendar

The First of April! How did it ever come to be called Fool's Day, and why was it chosen among the three hundred and sixty-five for a day to make sport of unsuspecting persons? Its origin runs back several centuries, and not only Great Britain, France and Germany play off their tricks on April First, but India and the Hindoos have their own sport on that day—the idea of each country being the same, to entrap someone into doing some unusual thing, and then shouting "April Fool!"

April 1, 1815.—Germany's greatest statesman, Bismarck, was born. He assisted to bring about the organization of the German Empire, which was established after severe battles with Austria and France.

April 1, 1732.—Joseph Haydn, the composer of "The Creation" and other famous oratorios, was born in Austria. The Austrian national hymn, composed by him, is sung everywhere.

April 2, 1844.—The Fleet Prison for debtors in London was abolished. Great cruelties had been practiced in this institution for nearly two centuries. When the attention of the House of Commons was at last brought to bear on it the indignation was so great that the law for imprisoning people who were not able to pay their debts was put aside, and the Fleet Prison given up. In Dickens' story of "Little Dorrit" the life in a debtor's prison is described.

April 2, 1743.—Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, and one of the greatest of American statesmen, was born in Virginia. He held several positions of state before he became President. As Governor of Virginia he secured for that State the right for every person to have his own religious opinion. He also abolished the law of entail, which required a man to leave his property to his eldest son. He tried to put a stop to the slave trade. He was the originator of a complete system of education for Virginia and father of its university. He was an associate of Patrick Henry, and—on the committee with Franklin, Adams, Sherman, and R. R. Livingston—was the one to make the first draft of the Declaration of Independence, thus becoming the author of that document, which Edward Everett says "is equal to anything ever born on parchment or expressed in the visible signs of thought." Bancroft says: "The heart of Jefferson in writing it, and of Congress in adopting it, beat for all humanity." He was twice President of the United States, and founder of the original Republican party,—now the Democratic party.

April 2, 1749.—Count Mirabeau, a famous French author and statesman, was born. He died on April 2, 1791. His life is a curious

record of misfortune and trouble, which he overcame.

April 3, 1783.—Washington Irving was born this day. Who has read the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle" and not felt glad that Irving belongs to the American people?

April 3, 1593.—The English can celebrate on this day the birth of one of their earlier religious poets, George Herbert.

April 3, 1897.—Joh. Brahms, the great German composer, died at Vienna.

April 4, 1744.—Oliver Goldsmith, an Irish critic, poet and prose writer, died. "The Traveller" and "The Deserter Village" are his chief poems; "The Vicar of Wakefield," a story or novel, and "She Stoops to Conquer," a drama. All of these make him famous among the great literary names of England.

April 5, 1811.—Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools, died in Glasgow.

April 6, 1483.—The birthday of the great Italian painter, Raphael. His paintings on the walls of the Vatican so pleased the Pope that all the other pictures were erased, and the space prepared for Raphael alone to decorate. Copies of his Sistine Madonna are known everywhere in this country. The original painting is in the Dresden gallery. Raphael was buried in the Pantheon in Rome, and more than a hundred years afterwards the Pope then in power had his grave opened and a second funeral service given in his honor.

April 6, 1199.—Richard I, called the lion-hearted, died. Altho he was for ten years King of England, he spent most of that time in battle on foreign soil. He was one of the great champions of the Christian faith in the Holy Land, and his knightly deeds in the Crusades make some of the most thrilling tales of English courage and valor. Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" is partly a romantic account of King Richard's life.

April 7, 1770.—William Wordsworth's birthday. With Southeby and Coleridge, he received the name of one of the "Lake Poets," because the three friends lived together among the English lakes. Wordsworth became Poet-Laureate upon the death of Southeby.

April 7, 1506.—Francis Xavier, now a saint in the Roman Catholic Church, was born on this day, in Spain. He is said to have baptised more than a million persons in ten years. He wrote some beautiful hymns that are sung by the Christian church.

April 8.—Donizetti, the Italian composer of many tuneful operas, died at Bergamo.

April 9, 1626.—Francis Bacon died. He was Lord Chancellor under James I, and the writer of essays on philosophy and science. He is re-



garded as the founder of modern scientific research.

April 10, 1806.—General Gates, one of the heroes of the Revolutionary War, died on this day.

April 12, 1777.—Birthday of Henry Clay, one of the greatest American statesmen. He held a number of important offices. One of his nicknames was "The Great Pacifier," because he was sent to England to make arrangements for Peace after the War of 1812. One sentence of Henry Clay's will live as long as his name lasts: "I would rather be right than be President." He never was President.

April, 13, 1598.—King Henry IV, of France, grants, by the Edict of Nantes, religious freedom to the Protestants.

April 14.—There are four notable deaths recorded on this day: George Frederick Handel, the greatest oratorio composer in the world (born in Prussia, February 23, 1685); Madame de Sevigne, a charming Frenchwoman, whose "Letters" keep her name famous; Earl of Bothwell, husband of Mary Queen of Scots; and Thomas Otway, an English poet.

April 14, 1857.—Birthday of Edgar Stillman-Kelly, an American composer.

April 14, 1865.—President Lincoln shot.

April 15, 1814.—The birthday of John Lthrop Motley, an American historian. His history of Holland, and of the Thirty Years' War, have been translated into several different languages.

April 15, 1719.—Madame de Maintenon died, 1719. Louis XIV of France married her; on his death she retired to a convent at St. Cyr.

April 16, 1797.—Louis Adolphe Thiers, born in France. His "History of the French Revolution" makes him famous as a writer. He was

also active in affairs of state, and was President of the new republic of France.

April 18, 1775.—The British attacked Lexington and Concord. Longfellow's poem describes the occasion.

April 18, 1689.—Lord Jeffreys, Chancellor of England, died. Under his rule some of the most atrocious deeds were committed. In Blackmore's story of "Lorna Doone" is described the fear of the country people for Jeffreys' soldiers.

April 19, 1824.—George Gordon Byron, the great English poet, died. He wrote "Childe Harold," and its success was so instantaneous and universal that he said, "I woke one morning and found myself famous." His descriptions of Swiss scenery are full of beautiful and lofty feeling.

April 19, 1560.—Philip Melanchthon, a friend of Luther's, and one of the greatest German school reformers of his time, died.

April 20, 1882.—Charles Darwin, famed as the originator of the idea of evolution, died in England.

April 21, 1782.—Birthday of Frederick Froebel, founder of the kindergarten.

April 21, 323 B.C.—Alexander the Great, the founder of the city of Alexandria, and a conqueror of nations, died.

April 22, 1776.—Madame de Staél, a famous Frenchwoman and writer, born.

April 22, 1724.—Immanuel Kant, German philosopher, born.

April 23, 1616.—Shakespeare died. His fame is universal.

April 23, 1818.—James Anthony Froude, an English historian, born.

April 25, 1599.—Oliver Cromwell, born. He was successor of Charles the First, as ruler over the English people. He was called Lord Protector of the Commonwealth.

April 26, 1711.—Birthday of David Hume, a Scotchman by birth, and author of a valuable history of England.

April 26, 1731.—Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," died at London, in poverty. The best description of his varied fortunes the great novelist and political writer gives himself: "No man hath tasted different fortunes more, and thirteen times have I been rich and poor."

April 27, 1822.—The birthday of Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States for eight years and famous as a general.

April 28, 1758.—The fifth President of the United States, James Monroe was born in Virginia. He held, also, other positions of state.

April 30, 1524.—The French knight, Bayard, nicknamed the "fearless and blameless," was killed in battle.

Arbor Day Scripture Selections

May Be Arranged for a Responsive Service

(Words in parenthesis, Revised Version.)

GENESIS

I, II. And God said, Let the earth bring forth the fruit tree, yielding fruit after his kind.

12. And the earth brought forth the tree, yielding fruit whose seed was in itself after his kind. And God saw that it was good.

29. And God said, Behold I have given you every tree in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

II, 8. And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there He put the man whom he had formed.

9. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

VI, 14. Make thee an ark of gopher-wood.

XVIII, 2, 4, 5, 8. And Abraham looked, and lo! three men stood by him and he said, "Rest yourselves under the tree, and comfort ye your hearts." And he set before them, and he stood by them while they did eat.

XXI, 33. And Abraham planted a grove in Beersheba, and called there on the name of the Lord, the everlasting God.

XXIII, 17, 18. And the field of Ephron, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about were made sure unto Abraham for a possession.

XXX, 37. And Jacob took rods of green poplar and of the hazel, and of the chestnut tree (fresh poplar, and of the almond, and of the plane tree).

XLIII, II. Israel said, take of the best fruits of the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices, and myrrh, nuts and almonds.

EXODUS

XV, 27. And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells (springs) of water, and threescore and ten palm trees; and they encamped there by the water.

XXV, 10. They shall make an ark of (acacia) wood.

NUMBERS

XXIV, 6. As gardens by the river's side, as trees of lignaloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters.

DEUTERONOMY

VIII, 7, 8, 9. For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land; a land of brooks of water,

of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil, olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.

XX, 19. For the tree of the field is man's life.

II SAMUEL

V, 24. When thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees.

I KINGS

IV, 29. And God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much.

33. And he spake of trees from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall.

X, 11. And the navy also of Hiram that brought gold from Ophir brought in from Ophir great plenty of almug (perhaps sandal-wood) trees and precious stones.

12. And the king made of the almug trees pillars for the house of the Lord, and for the king's house, harps also, and psalteries for singers; there came no such almug trees, nor were seen unto this day.

27. Solomon made cedars to be as the sycamore trees that are in the vale for abundance.

XIX, 5. He lay and slept under a juniper tree.

I CHRONICLES

XVI, 33. Then shall the trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the Lord.

JOB.

XIV, 7, 8, 9. For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease, though the root thereof wax old in the earth; and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant.

PSALMS

I, 1, 2, 3. Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord. He shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water that bringeth its fruit in its season, whose leaf also doth not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

XXXVII, 35. I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

36. Yet he passed away, and, lo! he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

XCI, 12. The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

CIV, 16, 17. The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted; where the birds make their nests; as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

CXXXVII, 2. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

CXLVIII, 9. Mountains and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars.

13. Let them praise the name of the Lord.

PROVERBS

III, 18. Wisdom is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

XI, 30. The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life.

XIII, 12. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life.

XV, 4. A wholesome tongue is a tree of life.

ECCLESIASTES

II, 5. I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits.

XI, 3. If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there shall it be.

THE SONG OF SOLOMON

II, 3. As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

IV, 13. Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; 14, with all trees of frankincense and myrrh and aloes.

VI, 11. I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranates budded.

ISAIAH

VI, 13. As a teil tree and as an oak whose substance is in them when they cast their leaves; so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof.

XLI, 19. I will plant in the wilderness the cedar (acacia) tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine and the box tree together.

XLIV, 4. They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses.

14. He heweth him down cedars, and taketh the cypress and the oak, which he strengtheneth for himself among the trees of the forest; he planteth an ash and the rain doth nourish it.

LV, 12. All the trees of the field shall clap their hands;

13. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name.

LX, 13. The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine trees and the box together.

LXI, 3. That they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

JEREMIAH

I, 11. Moreover, the word of the Lord came unto me, saying Jeremiah, what seest thou? And I said, I see a rod of an almond tree.

XVII, 7, 8. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be like a tree, planted by the water, and spreadeth out his roots by the river, and shall not fear when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green, and shall not be careful in the year of drouth, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.

EZEKIEL

XXXI, 3. Behold the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches and his top was among the thick boughs.

4. The waters made him great, the deep set him up on high, with the rivers running about his plants, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the field.

5. Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters, when he shot forth.

6. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs.

7. Thus was he fair in his greatness in the length of his branches; for his root was by great waters.

8. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him; the fir trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut trees were not like his branches; nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty.

9. I have made him fair by the multitude of his branches; so that all the trees of Eden, that were in the garden of God, envied him.

XXXIV, 27. And the tree of the field shall yield her fruit, and the earth shall yield her increase, and they shall be safe in their land, and shall know that I am the Lord.

XLVII, 12. And by the river by the bank thereof, on this side and on that side shall grow all the trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed: it shall bring forth new fruit, according to his mouths, and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine.

About Toads

By W. HOLTON PEPPER, Kentucky

Perhaps to very many persons the toad is a disgusting reptile having little or no function in the economy of nature. But to others who are better acquainted with its character the toad is a most interesting and useful little animal. I annually construct toad retreats in my vegetable garden and induce many toads to occupy them. The toads destroy the insects which would otherwise prey upon the plants, and thus amply reward me for my care.

But it is not the purpose of this article to deal with the economic value of the toad, but to recite the history of some toads which I hope will please and instruct the reader.

When a boy I lived in an old-fashioned farmhouse having a large open porch facing the southeast.

The sills of the porch were raised from the earth a few inches, thus providing a safe and pleasant retreat beneath the porch for the toads.

When the spring sunshine looked in upon the porch with increasing warmth and the balmy air from the south breathed softly thru the lattice, the great porch became one of the most frequented portions of our home. And the toads which had laid dormant all winter, hidden in the dust beneath the porch, soonest awoke from their protracted sleep in this protected spot. Quite early in May they would come forth from their hiding places and hop about the yard. One springtime after I became old enough to notice them, two shining-coated fellows made their appearance in the yard. I noticed them and began to catch and handle them with care. And I finally conceived the idea of feeding them with crumbs from the dining-table.

They readily consented to eat and amused me greatly by the manner of taking their food. They did not take up a crumb and chew it like my pup and kitten, but put forth their tongues and lifted the food into their mouths, and swallowed it without chewing. Their tongues were capable of being extended an inch or more from their mouths and seemed to possess an adhesive property which clung to the food till it reached the mouth.

But the process was so rapidly executed as to almost baffle observation. I fed them daily with crumbs and I also caught fireflies and other insects, which they ate greedily. They were wise enough to learn the dining hour, and were promptly at their place when mother shook the crumbs from the tablecloth for their special benefit. These two toads dined with us for several weeks, when a third toad made its appearance on the scene. At first the newcomer sat near and observed the feasting of the others, but would hop away if I approached it. But hunger, or increased confidence in the

kindness of my intentions soon caused it to partake of the crumbs with the others. This later arrival was a much larger toad than the others and seemed to possess a greedy and overbearing disposition. It would displace the other toads and take the lion's share of the food.

About this time I discovered a treefrog on the body of an orchard tree, and decided to add it to my colony of toads. I waited till supper was over, and mother had thrown the crumbs to the toads, and I then put the treefrog among them. It was a little cowering thing whose body was not larger than an almond, tho its limbs were quite long. It lay flat upon the earth and the toads did not seem to notice it while consuming the crumbs.

Finally it attracted the attention of the larger toad. The greedy fellow examined it intently for a minute, and then seized and swallowed it. Poor little treefrog! Thru intended kindness I had wrought its ruin. But it was only a few days later when another incident occurred which cost this greedy toad its life.

A gentleman who smoked a pipe visited us, and, after supper, while the toads were eating their crumbs, he came out upon the porch with a large coal of fire upon his pipe, and, stepping to the edge of the porch, he shook the glowing coal among the toads. The large toad saw the coal and believing, as I suppose, that it was a large firefly, he instantly snapped it up and attempted to swallow it. The greedy fellow soon discovered his mistake, and tried to dislodge it. But the fire clung to his mouth and burned him to death.

The other two toads remained in the yard during the summer, but when the chilly days of autumn came, they again hid beneath the porch. The following spring I was watching for their appearance, and stooped and peeped beneath for them, when lo! I discovered one of them. It had risen from the earth where it had been in hiding, and was busily engaged in stripping off and eating the outer skin.

I knew that snakes shed their cuticle in springtime, for I had seen the sheds lying about in the fields. And I had once witnessed the case of a blacksnake creeping forth from its outer skin. But I did not know till I made this observation that toads also shed their scarf skins. But I have several times since known a toad to eat up his old coat and trousers, and step forth in a new suit.

I have also witnessed one other case of a fire-eating toad.

Night was beginning to fall upon the earth, and a smith was fitting a horseshoe. He cut a small chunk of red-hot iron from the shoe, and the blow of the hammer drove the shining ball some distance away and landed it near a large toad. The toad caught up the glowing iron and tried to eat it. Death quickly followed.

School Children of the Far North

By EDWARD A. PREBLE

Away in far-northern Canada, even beneath the shadow of the Arctic Circle, hundreds of young people are pursuing their studies under conditions very different from those enjoyed by our more favored children. Scattered over the vast extent of the Mackenzie River Valley are about a dozen schools presided over by the Catholic and the Church of England missions. Here the native children receive instruction in the simpler branches of learning, and have instilled into their minds the important principles of cleanliness and general good behavior.

Before describing these children and their school life let us consider briefly their parents and other relations, the Indian and Eskimo inhabitants of that inhospitable region, the people who dwelt there ages before the white man came, first as explorer and fur-trader, and later as missionary and schoolmaster.

The Indians who inhabit the Mackenzie Valley belong to several tribes, some closely related to their neighbors in language and manner of life, while others differ widely, especially in speech. Over the southern part of the region live the Crees, one branch of whom, the Plains Crees, formerly subsisted almost entirely on the buffalo, while the Wood Crees, with whom we are now concerned, live in the southern part of the great pine forest which stretches from ocean to ocean north of the Temperate Zone. They hunt the moose and beaver, and net the whitefish. The lower Peace River and Athabasca Lake may be considered their northern limit.

North of the Crees live the various tribes of Athapascans stock, — the Chipewyans, Slaves, Yellowknives, Dogribbs, Hares, Loucheux. The first two tribes claim the country west of the Slave River, the western part of Great Slave Lake and about the upper Mackenzie, and live much as do the Crees. The Yellowknives, dwelling about the eastern part of Great Slave Lake, and the Dogribbs, who roam between Great Slave and Great Bear lakes, and claim descent from a dog, pursue the Barren Ground caribou. The Loucheux, who hunt about the lower Mackenzie, differ more widely from the other tribes just mentioned than these do among themselves. In addition to all these tribes of Indians, there are the Eskimo, who live along the shores of the Arctic Sea, and subsist on the seal, whale, reindeer, and fish.

Little more than half a century has elapsed since missionaries first visited the Mackenzie Valley, first the Catholic fathers, and a few years later the Church of England missionaries. Their first duty was to learn the language of the people among whom they had cast their lot. Thus, in a way, they may be considered as the first scholars of that land. Faithfully they labored, beset by many difficulties, and after a

few years, having gained the confidence of the natives, they established schools for the instruction of the children.

The first large school to be established was built by the Catholics at Fort Chipewyan (or Holy Angels' Mission, as they term the station), in 1875. This school has lately been considerably enlarged, and now has accommodations for boarding and teaching about sixty pupils. Nearly that number of Cree and Chipewyan children are now living there, under the instruction of the Sisters of Charity. The school is pleasantly situated near the shores of Athabasca Lake. A considerable area of ground is under cultivation, affording an opportunity to instruct the boys in agriculture, and contributing toward the support of the children.

Other important schools are situated at Lesser Slave Lake, where both Catholic and Protestant churches have boarding-schools accommodating about forty pupils each, and at Wabiskaw Lake, between the Athabasca and the Peace, where also each denomination has a school with nearly the same capacity. There are well-equipped schools at several points on Peace River. Farther north, on Great Slave Lake, there are schools at Fort Resolution (Catholic), and at Hay River (Church of England). At Ford Providence, on the upper Mackenzie, is a boarding-school which is attended by about forty boys and girls. These pupils are recruited from a region extending about a thousand miles to the northward.

Then there is a school at Herschel Island in the Arctic Ocean, where thirty or forty Eskimo children are under instruction. In addition, every mission, and there is scarcely a trading-post within this vast region which has not its mission of some denomination, has a school equal to the local demand, for the benefit of those who do not care to send their children to the larger schools at a distance, where they would necessarily be separated from them for months at a time. Thus it may be said that there is scarcely a child (except among the most remote and wandering tribes), who has not an opportunity to receive instruction, at least during a portion of the year, in such accomplishments as are suited to his needs. Even the most northern people of the world, the Eskimo, have here a school within their limits. Only a few years ago the Eskimo were bitter enemies of all the Indian tribes, but now all enmity between these races is at an end, and their children are receiving instruction side by side.

Several years ago, while on my way southward from the mouth of the Mackenzie, I traveled for several hundred miles on a steamer with over a dozen Indian boys and girls who were bound for the Mission School at Fort

Providence. They were all comfortably dressed, and seemed in high spirits. Their rather cramped quarters on the boat prevented them from taking much exercise, but they took advantage of every landing-place to have a game of football, one of their favorite amusements.

The young Indians learn very rapidly, some even outstripping their white companions. They are taught English (or French if under the instruction of the priests of that nation), and, of course, are well grounded in the three primary studies—reading, writing and arithmetic. Other studies are composition, grammar, geography and history. The children are made to do their own work almost entirely, of course under supervision, so as to become self-reliant.

It is hardly necessary to say that only a small proportion of the native children pursue their studies beyond the earlier grades, as a knowledge of the higher mathematics and other advanced studies would be useless to them in their after-life as hunters and trappers. But even these simple attainments are very useful to them. A knowledge of writing and arithmetic enables them to write letters to their neighbors of the wilderness, or to the traders, and to keep their simple accounts. The girls, too, learn housekeeping, sewing, and other domestic accomplishments.

Those children who show unusual aptitude receive special instruction, and many of them, especially those of mixed parentage (for some of the fur-traders have native wives) acquire an excellent knowledge of bookkeeping, and hold responsible positions with the fur-trading companies. Others are sent to take a course at the advanced schools at Edmonton or Winnipeg. The children of the Protestant missionaries, after a preparatory course in the schools of the country, usually finish their education in England.

The home life of the Indians over all this vast region is much alike in general features. Formerly all lived in conical tents of tanned skins or birch bark, but now many of them, for a part of the year at least, live in comfortable log-houses. As they depend almost altogether on hunting and fishing for their support, it is seldom possible for them to reside the year around in one spot, since the kind of food which is easiest to procure in the summer may be found in quarters quite distant from their winter supply. In general we may say that they live in tents in the summer and in houses in the winter.

The lakes and streams of the country teem with fine fish, and these, of course, form an important part of the food of the natives. A family will encamp in some favorable fishing place and put up a tepee, or, if the weather be fine, erect temporary shelters of branches or bark.

The commonest and most successful method of procuring fish is by means of gill-nets, which are stretched between stakes in favorable places. The fishermen are usually successful, and the fish which are not needed for immediate use are split and dried. In the autumn

large quantities are frozen and in this state may be kept in perfect condition until the following spring. Sometimes the hunters kill a moose, and when this happens it affords them a welcome change of diet.

The tribes who subsist on the Barren Ground caribou or American reindeer start off for the Barren Grounds to the eastward of the Mackenzie as soon as navigation is well established, usually about mid-summer, each family generally by itself. It then often happens that the daily catch of fish, taken in the nets set overnight, is the only source of supply for weeks at a time.

Once while I was traveling by canoe in the Far North a party of Indians put ashore for the night close to my own camping-place. They seemed to have no food and immediately set several nets, and after pitching their tents sat quietly watching them. It was summer and the twilight was late in falling. Just before dark I saw them visit their nets and was glad to see that they had caught a number of fine fish; and these formed their supper.

For breakfast they must depend on what the nets took during the night. Thus they would work their way northward beyond the limits of the forest, until they met the herds of caribou coming back from the Arctic coast. Not until then would plenty and happiness reign in the camps. I had no provisions to give them, for a long and difficult journey lay before me, and not many weeks later my own chances for supper depended chiefly on my daily success with the net and gun.

As winter approaches each family repairs to its accustomed hunting-ground, where the more provident have a log-house, and perhaps are able to lay by a supply of dried meat or frozen fish. The site of the winter residence is selected with a view to the possibilities in the line of hunting and trapping.

With the furs they procure in winter the natives can purchase clothing, axes, guns, ammunition, nets, cooking utensils, and other articles necessary to their comfort.

In their winter hunting they use snowshoes, and in visiting their lines of traps, which sometimes extend a distance of fifty or sixty miles, drive a train of dogs hitched to a toboggan, to transport their food and bedding, and the animals caught. If rabbits are abundant, and they are extremely so in some seasons, a day's catch of rabbits alone will sometimes load the toboggan. Many of the most valuable furs known are trapped by Indians who as boys attended the mission schools.

French, of Course

"Has the Bar Harbor train come in yet?"

"No," replied the gatekeeper.

"Is it on time?"

"It hasn't been on time but once since I have been connected with the road, and then it was ten minutes late."

The World We Live In

The United States Senate has had under consideration a proposed Constitutional Amendment providing for the election of Senators by popular vote.

Mrs. E. H. Harriman has paid an inheritance tax of \$800,000 to the State of Utah. The tax is paid on the \$16,000,000 of Union Pacific stock owned by the Harriman estate. The railroad is incorporated in Utah.

Abe Ruef, the former political boss of San Francisco, has been sent to the penitentiary for fourteen years, for bribing city officials, during the mayoralty of E. F. Schmitz.

The present population of Germany is, in round numbers, 65,000,000.

Reports from China reveal most heartrending conditions in both the pneumonic plague and famine districts. People are dying by thousands. Americans engaged in relief work in the famine district say that two million people are without other food than roots and straw.

The Mikado has donated \$750,000 for the benefit of the poor of Japan.

Of the total population of 192,000 of the Hawaiian Islands, 100,000, or more than half, are Japanese, 22,000 Chinese, and only 26,000 native Hawaiians.

The food experts of the Department of Agriculture have been testing the value of cheese as food. It has been found to have about twice the food-value of meat, and three times that of fish, pound for pound. It would be well for us if we ate more cheese, like the Europeans.

The police of Budapest are enforcing the anti-long hatpin law by confiscating the offensive pins. After a woman has once been compelled to walk a windy street holding her hat on with her hands, she will see to it that her hatpins comply with the requirements of the law.

England recently erected a statue of General Wolfe, who won Canada for the British Empire in 1759. The statue, which is of heroic size, stands in the village of Westerham, in Kent, where Wolfe was born.

The Hon. Charles Dewey Hilles, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is to become President Taft's private secretary. Mr. Hilles is about forty-four years old, and is a native of Ohio. He has served as superintendent of the boys' industrial school at Lancaster and as superintendent of the New York Juvenile Asylum at Dobbs Ferry. He is an authority on the education of delinquent children.

The Interstate Commerce Commission declared unanimously against increase of freight rates. The commission based its decision on the ground that, altho operating expenses have increased, revenues have shown even greater increase; and both the rate and the gross amount of dividends have increased during the past year.

The Russian Duma has sanctioned the Government's financial proposals for compulsory elementary education. An annual expenditure of five million dollars for ten years will be made.

According to Pacific Coast newspapers, a new steamship company known as the Mexican Fruit and Transportation Company has been organized at Los Angeles for the purpose of operating a passenger and freight line between Manzanillo, Mexico, and San Diego and San Pedro, Cal.

People in Long Beach, Cal., built an entire church in seven hours, holding service in the completed structure in the evening of the day on which the work was done. More than a hundred men volunteered to help, and the women handed up materials.

Antonio Fogazzaro, one of the greatest of the present-day Italian novelists, has just died. Three of his novels have been translated into English, "The Patriot," "The Sinner," and "The Saint." Of these the last named is probably the author's best work. In it Fogazzaro showed himself philosopher and preacher, as well as novelist.

Mrs. Belmont's Farm School

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont is going to help women to become farmers. She has established on her two-hundred-acre farm at Hempstead, L. I., a practical farm school, where young women may learn dairying, gardening, poultry-raising, bee-keeping, etc.

A class of twenty has already been started, and Mrs. Belmont plans to provide ways by which the young farmers may later become owners of small farms, and thereby be rendered independent.

The Virginia Debt Case

When West Virginia withdrew from Virginia, during the Civil War, the Old Dominion State had a debt of \$33,000,000. After the close of the war Virginia tried to make West Virginia pay a part of the debt. The matter has been a subject of controversy ever since. Now it has been settled by the Supreme Court.

The Court has decided that West Virginia shall pay \$7,182,507.46 as her just share of the debt. The question as to whether interest should or should not be paid was left to the States to settle for themselves.

Cotton and the Boll-Weevil

A few years ago the cotton boll-weevil, which had increased steadily from year to year, reached a point at which it destroyed in Texas over \$30,000,000 worth of cotton in one season. Many men in southern Texas were bankrupt. Cotton planting was given up in certain places and it looked as if this great wealth-producing industry was doomed in Texas.

Under the direction of the Department of Agriculture a better method of cultivation has been developed and the use of better adapted varieties of cotton has become more general; as a result of which Texas farmers, following the methods worked out by the Department investigators, again raise large crops of cotton in spite of the boll-weevil.

The New Treaty with Japan

The first article, says *The World's Chronicle*, asserts the right of citizens or subjects of the two countries to enter, travel or reside in the territories of the other, to carry on trade, and lease houses and shops and residences.

The second article guards against domiciliary visits or searches of subjects of one country in another, except upon the same conditions as are imposed upon nationals.

The third article contains the right to appoint consular officers.

Article 4 guarantees reciprocal freedom of commerce and navigation.

Article 5 provides for the regulation of import duties.

Article 6 exempts citizens from transit duties.

Corporations are dealt with in Article 7.

Article 8 provides that there shall be no discrimination between the vessels of the two countries in their right to carry imports without being liable to other or higher charges of duties than national vessels.

Articles 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13 all relate to shipping, their general purport being to prevent discrimination.

Article 14 promises that any trade or navigation privilege extended to another country shall be enjoyed by the signatories to this treaty.

Article 15 confers protection for patents, etc.

Troops Sent to Mexico

It was surmised that twenty thousand troops were not sent to the Mexican border solely because spring had come and is earlier down there, and because there is still elbow room in Texas for manœuvres, and excellent baseball grounds at the post near San Antonio. The surmise was correct, says *Harper's Weekly*. The administration seems to have admitted that the troops were sent because Mexico is disturbed, and because President Diaz is getting old and thought to be not very well, and because insurrectos keep skipping back and forth across the border and getting supplies and reinforcements from the American side. The troops were sent to do police duty, and to be on hand in case of sudden need. If Mexico should blow up, they might be very useful, and that without prejudice to the sentiment of Mexico for the Mexicans. They will stay down there, we suppose, minding their own business, until Mexico is calmer. The shipment seems not to have disturbed the popular mind or the stock-market. It is too natural a proceeding to get excited about.

Close of the Sixty-First Congress

The Sixty-first Congress came to a close at the specified time. President Taft has ordered an extra session, to begin on April 4.

Towards the end of the session just closed, Senator Owen of Oklahoma and Senator Bailey of Texas came to the front. Senator Owen, who is of Indian descent, defied the entire Senate. Approval of the Constitution of Arizona, and her acceptance as a State, had been practically agreed upon, when Senator Owen declared that if New Mexico were to come in Arizona must be allowed to come also,—one could not come in without the other. Senator Owen argued that New Mexico will probably be Republican, while Arizona will be Democratic. The result was that both States had to stay out until they can come in together.

When Senator Bailey found that a majority of the Democratic Senators had supported Mr. Owen, he tendered his resignation from the Senate. The Vice-President refused to accept the resignation, so he telegraphed to Governor Colquitt of Texas, who took a like attitude.

Senator Bailey put his resignation on the ground of his "unalterable opposition to those populistic heresies and vagaries," the initiative, referendum and recall. He said he would not remain in office if a majority of his party stood for them. The Senators urged him to recall his action. Finally he did withdraw his resignation.

The admission of the new States goes over to the next Congress.

All the regular appropriation bills were pushed thru. Eight of the bills, calling for \$700,000,000, were carried during the last forty-eight hours of the session.

Strengthening the Dutch Defences

The Dutch propose to strengthen their already adequate maritime defences by spending upon them and upon the navy some \$20,000,000; to leave their land defences in their present weak, neglected, and unsatisfactory condition; and to convert Flushing into a formidable naval base and arsenal, thus dominating the mouth of the Scheldt and blocking access to the port of Antwerp. Their scheme, in short, is precisely what it would be if they were expecting a naval attack from Great Britain, if they had abandoned any fear that their neutrality might be violated by Germany, and if they were determined to exercise a decisive control over the destinies of Belgium, says Sydney Brooks, in *Harper's Weekly*. Moreover, the note accompanying the introduction of the bill appeared to indicate naval co-operation with some other power as one of the contingencies which its framers had in view, and the power in question, it was at once inferred, could only be Germany.

The conclusion which Europe all but unanimously drew from this startling development of Dutch policy was that the statesmen of the Netherlands had somehow or other been enticed by the Wilhelmstrasse within the orbit of German influence. The government of the Netherlands have emphatically denied that their scheme owed anything whatever to foreign pressure or inspiration, but their declarations have not carried a more



than limited confidence. It is clear, in the first place, that Germany and Germany alone benefits by the proposals put forward in the Dutch Defence Bill. Among the English, the French, and the Belgians, they have aroused considerable and legitimate disquietude, so much so that the French Minister for Foreign Affairs declared, a few weeks ago, that the projected fortification of Flushing "entails conversations between the various powers which are called upon to guarantee the neutrality of Belgium." Among those powers is Germany herself, and it was to Germany that M. Pichon's remarks were mainly addressed. The conversations he proposed would, he added, be quite amicable and could nowhere be misinterpreted. Germany, however, frigidly refused to discuss the matter in any way, and even affected to regard M. Pichon's proposal as a curtailment of the sovereign rights of the Netherlands. The present position, therefore, is that, while there is no proof, there is a strong suspicion that Germany is the true author of the Dutch Defence Bill.

German Savings Bank

Deputy Consul-General Ulysses J. Bywater, of Dresden, reports the savings in Government and private savings banks in Germany, except the Duchy of Brunswick, at \$3,463,614,000 at the beginning of 1909, against \$3,305,198,000 at the beginning of 1908, being \$54.98 and \$53.31 per capita of the population. The amounts per capita of the largest savings were as follows: Principality of Schaumburg-Lippe, \$169; Saxony, \$66.64; Prussia, \$58.31. Bavaria, with only \$18.32, was the smallest.

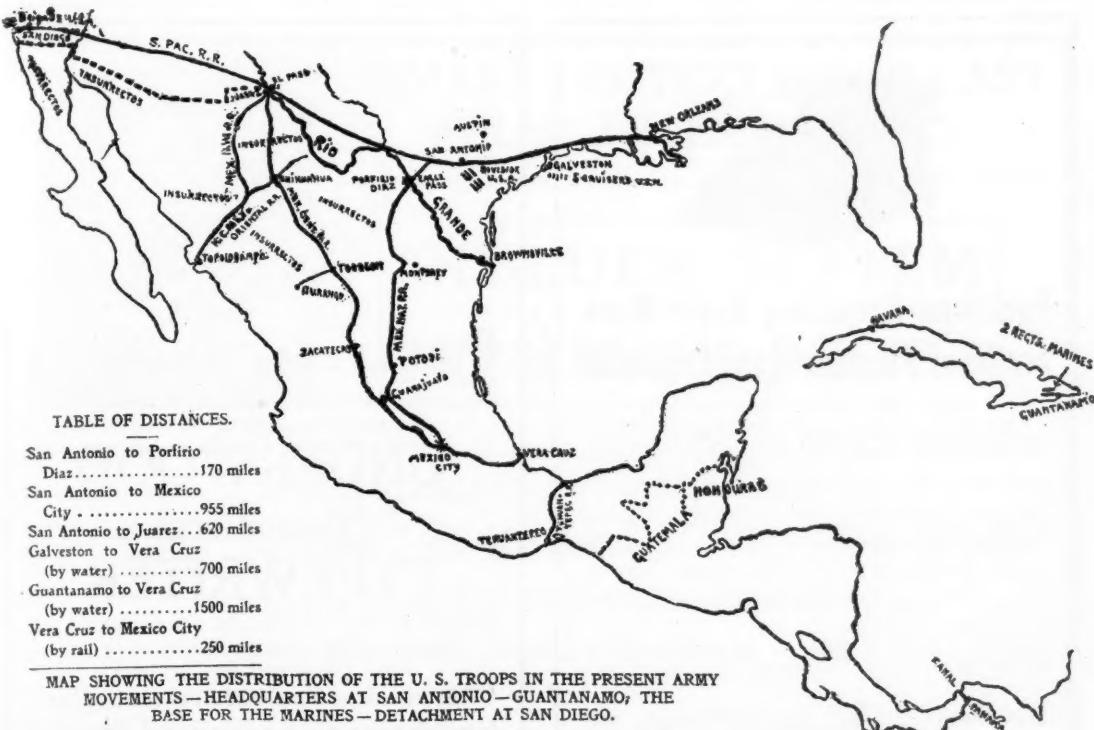
The Appalachian Reserve

The spirit of national unity and the movement for the conservation of natural resources alike won notable victories last month, when the Appalachian Mountain bill became a law, says *The Youth's Companion*. The passage of this measure, which has been widely agitated for a decade, is a recognition that the older section of the country, that along the Atlantic seaboard, is to have the same protection given to its resources which has been extended on a large scale to the newer regions of the great West.

No national reserves are singled out and bounded in the new law, but under its provisions the Government will invest two million dollars annually for the next five years in the purchase of forest areas in the Appalachian system, which extends from Georgia to northern New England. This will be for the preservation of valuable timber lands, the protection of natural scenery and the checking of drought and freshet on rivers which are of importance for purposes of navigation or water power.

In recent years the United States has created forest reserves in twenty States, all of which are west of the Mississippi except Michigan and Florida. The reserves, which include nearly two hundred million acres, are a check upon the industrial prodigality of our times, and a sound investment for the benefit of generations to come.

It is but common justice, as well as for the broadest interests of the country as a whole, that the New England, the Middle and the Southern States should share in the benefits of this wise policy.



Courtesy of the New York Times

Nature Study for April

By JOHN WINTHROP DOW

The melting snow and April showers furnish an excellent opportunity to study the way rivers erode the lands. The miniature stream presents a bird's-eye view, as it were, of a complete river system.

Note, first, a place where the stream flows rapidly; the many grains of sand scurrying downhill and the deepening gorge thru which the stream flows show the marked erosion on mountain sides. Follow the stream downhill till a fairly level reach of a few inches is found; here the increasing pile of sand tells of the building effect due to the inability of the slackened current to carry the waste. This well illustrates an over-laden river or, in case the stream flows into a puddle, the formation of a delta. When the pile of sand on the level reach has grown to such proportion that the stream flows rapidly, we see a good example of a rejuvenated river cutting a channel thru the deposit of waste left by its own earlier flow. This repeated cutting and filling makes the series of terraces noticeable in many parts of the stream.

To study the way a river widens its valley, scratch the course of the stream to make it flow in a straight line. In a minute or two the stream will have found an obstacle of some sort on one bank, and the rapid current will be deflected so as to cut into the opposite bank. The deflection becomes wider as one bank is cut

away and the waste piled on the other, till the river runs in broad sasses, typical of a meandering river.

Lastly, get from the public library Davis's "Physical Geography," or any text-book on this subject, and read the chapters on rivers.

Are you keeping a school diary of the first flowers of each kind? Record the name of the flower, the date and exact locality, and the name of the pupil finding it.

The Courts

The Constitution provides definitely for only one Federal court, leaving the details of the organization and the establishment of such other courts as may be found necessary to Congress, according to the country's needs. The powers that have been conferred upon the Federal courts and the various courts that have been established will be treated of in another article.

"The Quest of the Four-Leaved Clover," a story of Arabia, adapted from the French of Laboulaye's "Abdullah," by Walter Taylor Field, gives a picture of Bedouin life among the tents and of city life in the bazaars, affords a glimpse into the spirit of Mohammedanism, and teaches the great lesson of service to one's fellow-man. The book is adapted for use as a invaluable for school libraries. Price, 40 cents. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)



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Telegrams: A Suggestion

Get from any telegraph station several telegram blanks. Paste these upon oak-tag and hang, for the children to observe.

Let the pupils note the price and rules written upon the back of the sheet. Make them find out for themselves that each word is worth a certain price, and it is to the sender's advantage to use as few words as possible.

Papers are cut to the size and shape of the regular telegram. A chart is prepared, or a space upon the blackboard reserved. Have the telegrams cover as many and as practical events as would most likely happen in a child's life.

Limit your telegram to ten words at 25 cents.

John Jones left on the 5 o'clock train out of New York. It met with a serious accident near his home town. He will be delayed three hours. He knows his mother will suffer from anxiety concerning him. He wires her at 398 Whitney Ave., New Haven, Conn.

Walter Cone is away at school. He intends to bring a friend, Oscar Wells, to spend Christmas with his mother, Mrs. James Cone, 177 Beach St., Hartford, Conn.

Jesse White and his sister, Maud,

were riding on a crosstown car. It was derailed. Maud had her leg broken and was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. Jesse wishes his mother to come at once. Their home address is 268 East 71st St., New York.

Mr. James Brown, of 786 Parkway, Queens, New York, died, and his funeral is to be held on Wednesday, Jan. 19, 1911. A message must be sent to his sister, Mrs. Sarah Williams, who lives at 309 Broad Ave., Hartford, Conn. Upon the papers distributed for this purpose, the children send the telegrams, each to cost \$25.

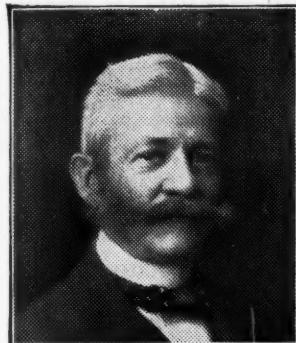
The Miser: a Fable

[To be retold by the Composition Class, in writing, after hearing it read once.]

A miser had a lump of gold. He buried it in the ground and every day he dug it out to look at it.

One day he found that his lump was gone. A thief had stolen it. The miser began to tear his hair and lament loudly.

A neighbor saw him. When he heard what the trouble was he said, "Pray do not grieve so. Bury a stone in the hole, and fancy that it is the gold. It will do just as well. For when the gold was there you made no use of it."



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'Neath the Cotton-Wood Trees

Let one who sips life's tears
with strange delight,
And finds in sobs and sighs
life's harmony,
Go out beneath the cotton-wood
trees at night
And there repent the laughter
of the day;

Then listen to the rustling of the
leaves,
Like steady rainfall from the
homestead eaves,
And listening, weep and pray!
But on the morrow, hie away!
It is not well to dwell there all
the dreary while,
To-night we weep and pray, to-
morrow toil and smile.

While the cotton-woods weep
and sway
All the night and all the day.

—MRS. B. C. RUDE.

The fifth annual banquet of the Milton Bradley Company was held in Springfield, Mass., on the evening of February 16. Between 75 and 100 of the officers and employees of the company were present.

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The pupils who are privileged to turn from Burke's "Conciliation" and its ilk to material for English study such as is found in "Modern Masterpieces of Short Prose Fiction" (gathered and selected by Alice Vinton Waite and Edith Mendall Taylor), are to be congratulated. In this presentation of the Short Story there is included something from the pen of Turgener, Daudet, Barrie, Balzac, Maupassant and Ibsen, as well as from the short-story writers with whose writings pupils are more likely to be familiar. It is a fine collection. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Mr. Herbert N. Casson, author of "The Romance of Steel," has prepared an accurate and valuable "History

of the Telephone." The story of the telephone is written delightfully. It is as readable as a fairy story, and what so wonderful a fairy tale could there be as the narrative of the invention and growth of the magic telephone. The book is printed in large type, and is finely illustrated. Price, \$1.50. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

As convenient a little book as has appeared in many a long day is "Shakespeare Quotation," complied by C. S. Rex. The quotations are arranged alphabetically by subjects, and the book is handy to have at hand for ready reference. (Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.)

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Bedouin Desert Bread

By DEPUTY CONSUL JOHN D. WHITING, Jerusalem.

While nearing the station of Maan, on the Mecca Railway, en route to Petra, in November, large, strange-looking heaps were seen near a typical desert well, around which some Bedouins were gathered and encamped. On investigation these proved to be heaps of samh bread, the food of the desert Bedouins.

The samh (*Mesembryanthemum forskahlii*, Hochst) is a small plant which grows wild, the Bedouins say, all over the desert plateau east of Maan, where nothing is cultivated, there being insufficient rain for any grain to grow. The first arable land we encountered, with a moderate rainfall, was after six or seven hours' ride west of Maan.

The natives stated that some years the samh is more plentiful than others, especially when a generous amount of rain falls in the mountain districts in the west, in which case it is likely that the samh districts receive a small share thereof.

PROCESS OF BREAD MAKING

The plants grow close together, with short stems like lentils. The Bedouins pull it up by hand and flail with a stick, which removes the small seed pods. These are then taken to the wells, and holes, from the size of a bathtub up, are made in the sandy clay soil and filled with water. The seed pods are thrown into these holes in small quantities and stirred by the women, with sticks and their bare feet. The action of the water opens the pods, the seeds fall to the bottom, while the hulls float. Only about ten minutes in the water are required to open and separate them. The hulls are then skimmed off and the operation repeated. When sufficient pods have thus been treated, the water is dipped out and the seeds spread out to dry. The seeds are then sifted thru fine sieves, to take out as much of the grit as possible, and ground, in basalt handmills, into flour,

and the bread is either baked on a saj, a convex sheet iron of circular form placed on small stones and heated from underneath, generally with a manure fire, or in a taboon, a dome-shaped clay oven, with an opening at the top, which is kept hot by a smouldering fire on the outside, always kept burning, and the floor is covered with pebbles on which the loaves are laid and baked.

The bread is very black and gritty, the latter being accounted for by the way the seeds are hulled in the sandy holes. To improve the bread, the natives add a little sugar to the flour, or a kind of molasses made from the seeds of the juniper tree (*Juniperus phoenicea*) by boiling and then straining them. The juniper grows wild abundantly around Petra and the neighboring mountains.

Forskhal, in his book on the flora of Egypt and Arabia, published about 1715, says:

"A bread more nourishing than wheat is prepared from the samh. The seed pods they throw into water and afterwards dry the seeds in the sun, which, when ground in a mill, they make into a thin bread and cook it on an iron called saj."

THE PLANT MIGHT THRIVE IN ARID AMERICA

The plant, as near as I could learn, grows in a clayey, sandy, saline soil, and where very little rain falls; it ripens about the same time as barley, but, contrary to most other plants, the seed pods do not open when ripe. They are affected by dampness, but not by heat, which enables the Bedouin to collect them all summer.

Possibly this plant might thrive in some arid region in the United States.

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The Class Tree

Grow thou and flourish well
Ever the story tell,
 Of this glad day;
Long may thy branches raise
To heaven our grateful praise
Waft them on sunlight rays
 To God away.

Deep in the earth to-day,
Safely thy roots we lay,
 Tree of our love;
Grow thou and flourish long;
Ever our grateful song
Shall its glad notes prolong
 To God above.

"Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,"
 On this glad day;
Bless Thou each student band
O'er all our happy land;
Teach them Thy love's command
 Great God, we pray.
—EMMA S. THOMAS,
Schoharie, N. Y.

Keep Sweet

Don't be foolish and get sour
when things don't just come
your way—
Don't you be a pampered baby
and declare,
 "Now I won't play!"
Just go grinning on and bear
it;
Have you heartache? Millions
share it;
If you earn a crown, you'll
wear it—
 Keep sweet.

Don't go handing out your
troubles to your busy fel-
low-men—
If you whine around they'll try
to keep from meeting you
again—
Don't declare the world's
"agin" you,
Don't let pessimism win you.
Prove there's lots of good stuff
in you—
 Keep sweet.

If your dearest hopes seem
blighted and despair looms
into view,
Set your jaw and whisper grimly. "Tho' they're false, yet
I'll be true."
Never let your heart grow bitter;
With your ear to Hope's transmitter,
Hear Love's songbirds bravely twitter,
 "Keep sweet."

Bless your heart, this world's a
good one, and will always
help a man.
Hate, misanthropy and malice,
have no place in Nature's plan.
Help your brother there,
who's sighing,
Keep his flag of courage flying;
Help him try—'twill keep you
trying—
 Keep sweet.

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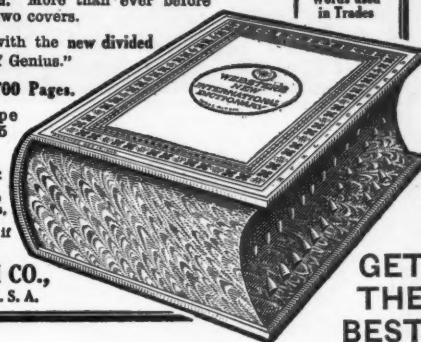
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Arbor Day

Plant in the springtime the
beautiful trees,
So that in future each soft sum-
mer breeze,
Whispering thru tree-tops may
call to our mind,
Days of our childhood then left
far behind.

Days when we learned to be
faithful and true;
Days when we yearned our life's
future to view;
Days when the good seemed so
easy to do;
Days when life's cares were so
light and so few.

Oft in the present are we made
to know
What was done for us in years
long ago,
How others sowed in the vast
fields of thought,
And, to us, harvests from their
work is brought.

And, as we read, in some tree's
welcome shade,
Of the works of earth's wise
men, which never can fade,
Thanks would we waft on the
soft summer breeze,
Both to planters of thoughts and
to planters of trees.

Then should we think, in our
heritage grand,
We, too, belong to that glorious
band,
Who in word or in thought, or
in deed something do
To advance this old world some-
what on to the new.

As in the past men did plant for
to-day,
So will we plant in this beauti-
ful May,
Trees that in future shall others,
shade cool,
Thoughts that shall ripen for
earth's future school.

—ANONYMOUS.

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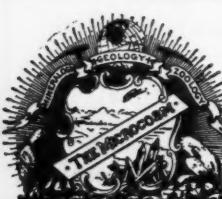
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Arbor Day Tribute
With lavish hand our God hath
spread
Beauty and fragrance o'er the
land;
His smile revives the seeming
dead;
Nature awakes at His com-
mand.

He breathes about the leafless
tree,
He whispers to the tiny
flower,
His touch awakes the slumb'ring
bee,
And each obeys th' Almighty
Power.

The perfumed breeze of smiling
May,
The dancing stream on moun-
tain side,
The wild bird's thrill of joyous
lay,
Proclaim Thy goodness far
and wide.

Attune our hearts to sing Thy
praise,
Expand our souls to com-
prehend
Thy attributes and all Thy
ways,
And ever be our Guide and
Friend.

We plant to-day within the
mould,
The stock that needs Thy
tender care;
Send deep its roots, its buds
unfold,
In answer to our faith and
prayer.

—JARED BARHITE.

The Tree

The tree's early leaf-buds were
bursting their brown.

"Shall I take them away?" said
the frost sweeping down.

"No; leave them alone

Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the tree, while he trem-
bled from rootlet to crown.

The tree bore his blossoms, and
all the birds sung.

"Shall I take them away?" said
the wind as he swung.

"No; leave them alone

Till the berries have grown,"
Said the tree, while his leaflets
quivering hung.

The tree bore his fruit in the
midsummer glow.

Said the child, "May I gather
thy berries now?"

"Yes; all thou canst see;

Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the tree, while he bent
down his laden boughs low.

—BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSEN.

The Beech Tree's Petition

Oh, leave this barren spot to me,
Spare, woodman, spare the
beechen tree!
The shrub or flow'ret never
grow,
My wan unwaning shade below,
Nor fruits of autumn blossom
born
My green and glossy leaves
adorn,
Nor murmuring tribes from me
derive
The ambrosial treasures of the
hive,
Yet leave this little spot to me,
Spare, woodman, spare the
beechen tree.

Thrice twenty summers have I
stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude;
Since childhood in my rustling
bower
First spent its sweet and sportive
hour,
Since youthful lovers in my
shade
Their vows of truth and rapture
paid,
And on my trunk's surviving
frame
Carv'd many a long-forgotten
name.
Oh, by the vows of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred
ground,
By all that Love hath whispered
here,
Or Beauty heard with ravish'd
ear,
As Love's own altar honor me,
Spare, woodman, spare the
beechen tree.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Our Flag

Who e'er beheld its shining
folds,
Its stars and stripes so grand,
The flag of our great nation,
The symbol of our land,
Without an inward feeling
Of joy combined with pride,
A pride for our great country,
Which England once defied?
—MARION MAYER, in Wisconsin
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The Tulip Tree

Now my blood with long-forgotten fleetness,
Bounds again to boyhood's blithest tune,
While I drink a life of brimming sweetness
From the glory of the breezy June.
Far above, the fields of ether brighten;
Forest leaves are twinkling in their glee;
And the daisy snows around me whiten,
Drifted down the sloping lea!
On the hills he standeth as a tower,
Shining in the morn, the tulip tree!
On his rounded turrets beats the shower,
While his emerald flags are flapping free;
But when summer 'mid her harvests standing,
Pours to him the sun's unmixed wine,
O'er his branches, all at once expanding,
How the starry blossoms shine!
Wind of June, that sweep'st the rolling meadow,
Thou shalt wail in branches rough and bare,
While the tree, o'erhung with storm and shadow,
Writhes and creaks amid the gusty air.
All his leaves, like shields of fairies scattered,
Then shall drop before the north wind's spears,
And his limbs by hail and tempest battered
Feel the weight of wintry years.
Yet, why cloud the rapture and the glory
Of the beautiful, bequeathed us now?
Why relinquish all the summer's story,
Calling up the bleak autumnal bough?
Let thy blossoms in the morning brighten,
Happy heart, as doth the tulip tree,
While the daisy's snows around us whiten,
Drifted down the sloping lea!

—TAYLOR.

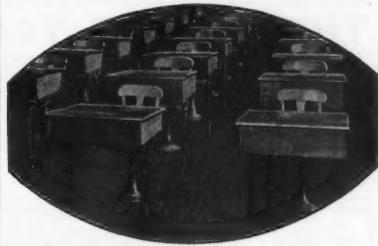
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June 27-29.—Kentucky Educational Association, at Owensboro; President, T. J. Coates, Richmond; secretary, T. W. Vinson, Frankfort.

June 27-30.—Maryland State Teachers' Association, at Bradock Heights. Secretary, Hugh W. Caldwell, Chesapeake City.

June 29-July 1.—American Institute of Instruction at Providence, R. I. Secretary, Edwin C. Andrews, Greenwich, Conn.

July 8-14.—National Education Association, at San Francisco. President, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young.

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Isaac Pitman shorthand has recently been adopted at Newburgh, N. Y., and also at Millburn, N. J.

Sunshine

The fitful April sunshine
Is welcome after rain;
She fills the earth with beauty,
And lights it up again.
Her golden wand uplifted
Sends raindrops scattering far,
And flowers spring to greet her,
Each shining like a star.

She makes the lowliest hovels,
Like palaces of gold,
Her hands are full of blessings,
More full than they can hold;
There's not a person sees her,
But brighter grows his face,
There is no guest so cheery
In every gloomy place.

—Selected.

Wild Thorn Blossoms

Deep within the tangled wild-
wood,
Where the tuneful thrushes
sing,
And the dreaming pine trees
whisper
In their sleep a song of
spring;
Where the laughing brook goes
leaping
Down the mountain's mossy
stair,
There the wild white thorn is
flinging
Its sweet fragrance every-
where.

Rough and rugged are its
branches,
But its bloom is white as
snow;
And the roaming bees have
found it,
In their wanderings to and
fro;
And they gather from its sweet-
ness
Heavy freights the livelong
day.
And go sailing homeward, sing-
ing
With thanksgivings all the
way.

All unheeded fall the blossoms,
Like sweet snowflakes thru
the air,
And the summer marches on-
ward
With its fragrance rich and
rare;
But the grateful bee remembers.
As he winds his mellow horn,
That the spring-time was made
sweeter
By the blossoms of the thorn.
—JULIAN S. CUTLER.

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are so closely related that she is fated to do without the Happiness if she does not possess Health—and strength—to bear the physical and other troubles which are sure to come sooner or later. And what good can a woman be to herself—to her family and others—if she suffers unduly, has headaches, backaches, lassitude? Yet there is no good reason to endure these symptoms of poor bodily condition because better health and greater happiness

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and with better health there is a good chance of happiness, usefulness and improved looks. Beecham's Pills keep the stomach, liver, bowels—all the organs of digestion and elimination—in good order. When these are right the whole body is enabled to do its work well—pains disappear, the skin becomes bright and clear, the eyes snappy, full of light and charm. Just a few doses will prove the value of Beecham's Pills to you.

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stained fingers absolutely, removing
not only every suggestion of dirt, but
also any dried, half-dead skin that
disfigures the hands, and this in so
gentle, wholesome a way as to ma-
terially benefit the remaining cuticle.

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Come to most people and cause many troubles,—pimples, boils and other eruptions, besides loss of appetite, that tired feeling, biliousness, indigestion and headache.

The sooner you get rid of them the better, and the way to get rid of them and to build up the system is to take

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The Schoolhouse Yard

The schoolhouse yard was so big and bare,

No pleasant shadow, no leafy trees;

There was room enough, and some to spare,

To plant as many as ever you pleased.

So first we set there a little pine,

For the wind to play its tunes upon,

And a paper birch, so white and fine,

For us children to write our secrets on.

Then two little elms to build an arch

Right over the gate when they grow up tall,

And a maple, for they bloom in March,

And have scarlet leaves in the early fall.

A cedar tree for its pleasant smell,

A mountain ash for its berries bright,

A beech for its shade and nuts as well,

And a locust tree for its blossoms white.

At last we planted an acorn small,

To grow in its time a sturdy oak;

And somehow it seemed to us children all

That this was the funniest little joke.

For sweet Miss Mary, smiling, said,

"The other trees are your very own;

But the little oak we plant, instead,

For your grandchildren, and them alone."

Oh, how we laughed, just to think that when

Our acorn grows to an oak tree fair,

We shall be grandpas and grandmas then,

With wrinkled faces and silver hair!

I wonder now if the little folk that come, in the days that are to be,

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To frolic under the future oak,
Will be as merry and glad as we?

And if they will plant their elm and beech

As we do, just in the selfsame way,

And sing their chorus and speak their speech

And have such fun upon Arbor Day!

—E. H. THOMAS.

Recitation

(Recitation by two girls with flags.)

First.

Oh, who shall say when drums shall beat?

America! America!

And who will train the little feet?

America! America!

While we are young we will repeat

The stories that to us seem sweet,

And lay our laurels at their feet.

America! America!

Second.

Oh, who shall say when we grow old,

America! America!

That some place of honor we may hold?

America! America!

And the story oft is told, Of leaders true and leaders bold,

Our love for them shall not grow cold,

America! America!

Both.

Oh, who'll be soldiers by and by?

America! America!

And who will hold the banner high?

America! America!

The years are passing swiftly by And little children join the cry, While round about them duties lie.

America! America!

—Teachers' Yearbook (Maryland).